



BEAUTIES OF POETRY ;

CONSISTING OF

Elegant Selections

FROM THE WORKS OF

POPE,	ADDISON,	PENROSE,	BURNS,
GOLDSMITH,	PARNELL,	OGILVIE,	FOX,
BEATTIE,	PRIOR,	CAWTHORN,	SMOLLETT,
GRAY,	COLLINS,	DUNCOMBE,	GREEN,
COWPER,	COTTON,	J. WARTON,	TICKELL,
LANGHORNE,	MERRICK,	WHITEHEAD,	CARTER, AND
SHENSTONE,	PHILLIPS,	THOMSON,	T. WARTON.

“ The wandering Muse
“ Scatters luxuriant sweets.”

FROM THE DUBLIN EDITION, WITH VARIOUS CORRECTIONS,
ADDITIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

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Advertisement.

THE publishers of this improved edition of the *Beauties of Poetry*, deem it superfluous to offer any other recommendation than that which a reference to the succeeding pages of Contents will furnish. Readers of taste, they trust, will there find such an assemblage of the best productions of many of the most celebrated poets as cannot fail to be highly acceptable.

To those whose circumstances or inclinations may not permit them to purchase a large number of books, this compilation, it is believed, will be peculiarly useful; as it unquestionably contains a greater variety of elegant poetical effusions than any other work of its size and price. To the learned and affluent, also, it will not be of less advantage; as the trouble of research is materially lessened by comprising in a neat portable volume the best productions of several authors.

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Beauties of Poetry.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

BY ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

WHAT beckoning ghost, along the moonlight shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade ?
'Tis she !—but why that bleeding bosom gored ?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword ?
Oh ! ever beauteous, ever friendly, tell,
Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well ?
'To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
'To act a lover's, or a Roman's part ?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think or bravely die ?

Why bade ye else, ye Powers ! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire ?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes ;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods :
'Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull, sullen prisoners in the body's cage :
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ;

Like eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below ;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deserter of a brother's blood !
See on those ruby lips the trembling breath,
Those cheeks now fading at the blast of death ;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall ;
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hurses shall besiege your gates ;
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long funerals blacken all the way)
Lo these were they whose souls the furies steel'd,
And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !
So perish all whose breasts ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone (oh ever injured shade !)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid ?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier ;
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,

By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honor'd, and by strangers mourn'd !
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show ?
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb ?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast :
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow ;
There the first roses of the year shall blow ;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How loved, how honor'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot ;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays ;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou beloved no more !

MESSIAH,

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

BY ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

YE Nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
 Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire,
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !

Rapt into future times, the bard begun :
 A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son !
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies :
 Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
 Ye Heavens ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail ;
 Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-robed Innocence from Heaven descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !
 See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of her breathing spring :

See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance :
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies !
Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears !
A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo earth receives him from the bending skies ;
Sink down, ye mountains ; and ye vallies, rise ;
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay ;
Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way !
The Savior comes ! by ancient bards foretold ;
Hear him, ye deaf ; and all ye blind, behold ;
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day :
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear :
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air ;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them and by night protects :
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand and in his bosom warms ;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,

Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plowshare end.
Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain, in barren deserts, with surprise,
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn :
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead :
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise !
Exalt thy towering head and lift thy eyes !
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;

See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs !
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day !
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
But, lost dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts : the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains !
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns !

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

BY ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

Written when the Author was about twelve years old.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care

A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,

In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,

Whose flocks supply him with attire ;

Whose trees in summer yield him shade,

In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

 Sound sleep by night ; study and ease,
 Together mix'd ; sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most does please
 With meditation.

 Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
 Thus, unlamented, let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring swain,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd.
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
 How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endear'd each scene !
 How often have I paused on every charm,
 The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topp'd the neighboring hill.

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age, and whispering lovers made !
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree ;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd ;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired ;
The dancing pair, that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down ;
The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place ;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please ;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green ;
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain ;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way ;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest :
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall,
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay ;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made :
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man ;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more :
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd ; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain ;
Along the lawn where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp repose ;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room ;
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green ;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow'r.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,

And, many years elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n me share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care that never must be mine!
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;

And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His Heaven commences ere the world be past !

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
'There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
'The mingling notes came soften'd from below ;
'The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
'The sober herd that low'd to meet their young ;
'The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
'The playful children just let loose from school ;
'The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;
'These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;
She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
'To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
'To seek her nightly shed, and weep 'till morn ;
She only left, of all the harmless train,
'The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Ner e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain,
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies;
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;

Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile,
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleased him and their cares distress'd ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school ;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well and every truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd ;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;

The village all declar'd how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge :
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For ev'n though vanquish'd, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame ; the very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talk'd, with looks profound,
And news, much older than their ale, went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place ;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door,
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day :
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendor ! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall !

Obscure it sinks nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ;
'Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
'To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be press'd,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train,
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art ;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway,
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
And, ev'n while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy ?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ;

Hoards ev'n beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies,
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slight's every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, (for charms are frail)
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And ev'n the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there ?
To see profusion that he must not share ;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
'The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train ;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure, scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
Sure, these denote one universal joy !
Are these thy serious thoughts ?—Ah ! turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd ;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;
Now lost to all ; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,

When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Ev'n now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread !

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracks, with fainting steps, they go
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore ;
Those blazing suns, that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
Those poisonous fields, with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
Where, at each step, the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake :
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murderous still than they ;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven ! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away :
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,

And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main ;
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
'The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe,
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose ;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes, with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;
While her fond husband strove to lend relief,
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury ! thou cursed by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee !
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe ;
Till, sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Ev'n now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done ;
Ev'n now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.

Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand ;
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there ;
And piety, with wishes placed above ;
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry ! thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade ;
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart or strike for honest fame ;
Dear charming nymph ! neglected and decried ;
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride.
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so ;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well ;
Farewel ! and, O ! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of th' inclement clime :
Aid slighted truth, with thy persuasive strain ;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
Teach him, that states, of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very blest ;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away ;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

*THE TRAVELLER.**Inscribed to the Rev. H. Goldsmith.*

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po ;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A dreary waste expanding to the skies ;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee ;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend ;
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
Bless'd be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent, and care ;
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;

That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;
And, placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear ;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine ?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain ?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man ;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd ;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round ;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale ;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale ;
For me your tributary stores combine :
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends o'er his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er ;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill ;
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still :
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that heaven to man supplies ;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small :

And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease ;
The naked negro, panting at the line
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam ;
His first, best country, ever is at home ;
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind :
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call ;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side ;
And though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent ;
Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content :
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.

Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honor sinks where commerce long prevails :
Hence every state, to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favorite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This favorite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies :
Here, for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind ;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Appenine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends ;
Its uplands sloping, deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal leaves, that blossom but to die ;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows.
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue,
And, ev'n in penance, planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, nor far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state:
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
'The canvas glow'd beyond ev'n nature warm;
'The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave;
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but pletoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
'The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;

While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind :
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them—turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display ;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread ;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, ev'n here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep ;

Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
And haply too some pilgrim thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Inprints the patriot passion on his heart,
And ev'n those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies :
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
And, as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd :
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.
Yet let them only share the praises due ;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few :
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd.
When from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies ;
Unknown to them when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.

Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire :
Unfit for raptures ; or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow ;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low ;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
Unalter'd, unimproved, the manners run ;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest ;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way ;
These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn ; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease ;
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please ;
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire !
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew ;
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill ;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze ;

And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away.
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear ;
For honor forms the social temper here.
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
Or ev'n imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land :
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise ;
'They please, are pleased ; they give to get esteem,
'Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But, while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise ;
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart.
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
'To boast one splendid banquet once a year :
'The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self applause.

'To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,

And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore;
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation, rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear;
Ev'n liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies;
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves!
Here wretches seek dishonorable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow,
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring,
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspiis glide.
'There all around the gentlest breezes stray ;
'There gentle music melts on every spray :
Creation's mildest charms are there combined ;
Extremes are only in the master's mind !
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great ;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by ;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand ;
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
'True to imagined right, above control,
While ev'n the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, *Freedom*, thine the blessings pictured here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear ;
Too blest indeed, were such without alloy,
But, foster'd ev'n by freedom, ills annoy ;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie.
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown ;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round the shore,
Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honor, fail to sway,

Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stripp'd of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonor'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great :
Ye powers of truth that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire ;
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
'The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel ;
'Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favor's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure :
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil ;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires !
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms :
But, when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own ;

When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free ;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home ;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ;
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power ;
And, thus polluting honor in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore ?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste ;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And, over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren, solitary pomp repose ?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling, long-frequented village fall ?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main ;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound ?

Ev'n now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways ;

Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind:
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE MINSTREL ;

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

BY JAMES BEATTIE, L. L. D.

BOOK I.

I.

AH ! who can tell how hard it is to climb
 The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar !
 Ah ! who can tell how many a soul sublime
 Has felt the influence of malignant star,
 And waged with Fortune an eternal war !
 Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
 And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
 In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
 Then dropp'd into the grave, unpitied and unknown !

II.

And yet the languor of inglorious days
 Not equally oppressive is to all ;
 Him who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
 The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
 There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
 Would shrink to hear th' obstreperous trump of Fame ;
 Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
 Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
 Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

III.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore ;
 Nor need I here describe, in learned lay,

How forth THE MINSTREL fared in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array ;
His waving locks and beard all hoary gray :
While, from his bending shoulder, decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung :
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

IV.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain ;
With thee let Pageantry and Power abide :
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign ;
Where, through wild groves, at eve the lonely swain
Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain ;
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

V.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float :
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the gray linnets carol from the hill.
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where they
will.

VI.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand ;
Nor was perfection made for man below ;
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,

Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
 With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow,
 If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise ;
 There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow ;
 Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
 And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

VII.

Then grieve not, thou, to whom th' indulgent Muse
 Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire ;
 Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
 Th' imperial banquet, and the rich attire.
 Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
 Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined ?
 No ; let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire,
 To fancy, freedom, harmony, resign'd ;
 Ambition's grovelling crew for ever left behind.

VIII.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul,
 In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
 On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
 Stung with disease, and stupified with spleen ;
 Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
 Ev'n from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,
 (The mansion then no more of joy serene)
 Where fear, distrust, malevolence, abide,
 And impotent desire, and disappointed pride ?

IX.

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
 Of charms which Nature to her votary yields !
 The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
 The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,

And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven !

X.

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,
And love, and gentleness, and joy, impart.
But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart ;
For, ah ! it poisons like a scorpion's dart ;
Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,
The stern resolve, unmoved by pity's smart ;
The troublous day, and long distressful dream.—
Return, my roving Muse, resume thy purposed theme.

XI.

There lived, in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree ;
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady ;
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie :
A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms ;
Zealous, yet modest ; innocent though free ;
Patient of toil ; serene amidst alarms ;
Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.

XII.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock ;
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd ;
An honest heart was almost all his stock ;
His drink the living water from the rock ;
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock ;

And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er they
went.

XIII.

From labor health, from health contentment springs ;
Contentment opes the source of every joy.
He envied not, he never thought of kings ;
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy ;
Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled ;
He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smiled,
And her alone he loved, and loved her from a child.

XIV.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'er cast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife ;
Each season look'd delightful as it pass'd,
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
They never roam'd ; secure beneath the storm
Which in Ambition's lofty land is rife,
Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

XV.

The wight whose tale these artless lines unfold,
Was all the offspring of this humble pair.
His birth no oracle or seer foretold ;
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
You guess each circumstance of EDWIN'S birth ;
The parent's transport, and the parent's care ;
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth ;
And one long summer-day of indolence and mirth.

XVI.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy ;
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.
Silent when glad ; affectionate, though shy ;
And now his look was most demurely sad,
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbors stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad :
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believed
him mad.

XVII.

But why should I his childish feats display ?
Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled ;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps, but to the forest sped,
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head ;
Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

XVIII.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap, or net ; by arrow, or by sling ;
These he detested, those he scorn'd to wield :
He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor, of the field,
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

XIX.

Lo ! where the stripling, wrapp'd in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine ;
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine :
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies ?
Ah ! no : he better knows great Nature's charms to
prize.

XX.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn ;
Far to the west, the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while ;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.—
But, lo ! the sun appears ! and heaven, earth, ocean,
smile.

XXI.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure ! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapor, tost
In billows, lengthening to the horizon round,
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd !
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound !

XXII.

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
 Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.
 In darkness, and in storm, he found delight :
 Nor less, than when on ocean wave serene
 The southern sun diffused his dazzling sheen.
 Ev'n sad vicissitude amused his soul ;
 And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
 And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
 A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

XXIII.

“ O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom !”
 (The Muse interprets thus his tender thought,)
 “ Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
 “ Of late so grateful in the hour of drought ?
 “ Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
 “ To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake ?
 “ Ah ! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought ?
 “ For now the storm howls mournful through the
 brake,
 “ And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

XXIV.

“ Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
 “ And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty,
 crown'd ?
 “ Ah ! see, th' unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
 “ Have all the solitary vale imbrown'd ;
 “ Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound.
 “ The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray,
 “ And hark ! the river, bursting every mound,
 “ Down the vale thunders, and, with wasteful sway,
 “ Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks away.

XXV.

- “ Yet such the destiny of all on earth :
 “ So flourishes and fades majestic Man.
 “ Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
 “ And fostering gales awhile the nursling fan.
 “ O smile, ye heavens, serene ; ye mildews wan,
 “ Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
 “ Nor lessen of his life the little span.
 “ Borne on the swift, though silent, wings of time,
 “ Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

XXVI.

- “ And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
 “ Whose hopes still grovel in this dark sojourn.
 “ But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
 “ Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
 “ Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return ?
 “ Is yonder wave the sun’s eternal bed ?
 “ Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
 “ And spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
 “ Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

XXVII.

- “ Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
 “ When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive ?
 “ Shall Nature’s voice, to man alone unjust,
 “ Bid him, though doom’d to perish, hope to live ?
 “ Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
 “ With disappointment, penury and pain ?—
 “ No : Heaven’s immortal spring shall yet arrive,
 “ And man’s majestic beauty bloom again,
 “ Bright through th’ eternal year of Love’s triumphant
 reign.”

XXVIII.

'This truth sublime his simple sire had taught,
In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd knew,
No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,
Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue.

"Let man's own sphere, said he, confine his view,
"Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."

And much, and oft, he warn'd him, to eschew
Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,
By pleasure unseduced, unawed by lawless might.

XXIX.

"And, from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Woe,
"O never, never turn away thine ear,
"Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,
"Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to
hear!

"To others do (the law is not severe)

"What to thyself thou wishest to be done.

"Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,

"And friends, and native land; nor those alone;

"All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine
own."

XXX.

See, in the rear of the warm sunny shower.

The visionary boy from shelter fly!

For now the storm of summer rain is o'er,

And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky!

And lo! in the dark east, expanded high,

The rainbow brightens to the setting sun;

Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh.

How vain the chace thine ardor has begun!

'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purposed race be run.

XXXI.

Yet couldst thou learn, that thus it fares with age,
 When pleasure, wealth, or power, the bosom warm,
 This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,
 And disappointment of her sting disarm.
 But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm ?
 Perish the lore that deadens young desire !
 Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,
 Indulge gay hope, and fancy's pleasing fire :
 Fancy and hope too soon shall of themselves expire.

XXXII.

When the long sounding curfew from afar
 Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
 Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
 Lingered and listening, wander'd down the vale.
 There would be dream of graves, and corpses pale ;
 And ghosts, that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
 And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
 Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,
 Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering aisles along.

XXXIII.

Or, when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,
 Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
 To haunted stream, remote from man he hied,
 Where fays of yore their revels wont to keep ;
 And there let fancy rove at large, till sleep
 A vision brought to his entranced sight,
 And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep
 Shrill to his ringing ear ; then tapers bright,
 With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of night.

XXXIV.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
 Arose, the trumpet bids the valves unfold :

And forth an host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance, and targe of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanor bold,
And green their helms, and green their silk attire:
And here and there, right venerably old,
The long-robed minstrels wake the warbling wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

XXXV.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance;
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance;
To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance
Rapid along: with many color'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze.

XXXVI.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
Who scaredst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticler! who oft hast reft away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill!
O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
Let harmony aye shut her gentle ear:
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

XXXVII.

Forbear, my Muse. Let love attune thy line.
Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so,
For how should he at wicked chance repine,
Who feels from every change amusement flow?

Ev'n now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
 As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
 Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
 Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
 A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne.

XXXVIII.

But who the melodies of morn can tell ?
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side ;
 The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
 In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide ;
 The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

XXXIX.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark ;
 Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings,
 The whistling ploughman stalks afield ; and, hark !
 Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings ;
 Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs ;
 Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour ;
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

XL.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme !
 Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new !
 O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
 To sing thy glories with devotion due !
 Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
 From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty ;

And held high converse with the godlike few,
 Who, to th' enraptured heart, and ear, and eye,
 Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

XLI.

Hence ! ye who snare and stupify the mind,
 Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane !
 Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
 Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
 And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain !
 Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
 First gave you form ! hence ! lest the Muse should
 deign
 (Though loth on theme so mean to waste a rhyme)
 With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

XLII.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
 Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth !
 Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
 Amused my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
 O let your spirit still my bosom soothe,
 Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide !
 Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth ;
 For well I know, wherever ye reside,
 There harmony, and peace, and innocence, abide.

XLIII.

Ah me ! neglected on the lonesome plain,
 As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
 Save when, against the winter's drenching rain
 And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.
 Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
 Her legends when the Beldam 'gan impart,
 Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,

Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart ;
Much he the tale admired, but more the tuneful art.

XLIV.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale ;
And halls, and knights, and feats of arms, display'd ;
Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing enamor'd of the nut-brown maid ;
The moon-light revel of the fairy glade ;
Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,*
Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in blood,
Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate flood.

XLV.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
A gentler strain the Beldam would rehearse,
A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
'The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce.
O cruel ! will no pang of pity pierce
That heart by lust of lucre sear'd to stone !
For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
To latest times shall tender souls bemoan
Those helpless orphan-babes, by thy fell arts undone.

XLVI.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn,†
The babes, now famish'd, lay them down to die.
'Midst the wild howl of darksome woods forlorn,
Folded in one another's arms they lie ;
Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry :

* Macbeth. *How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags,
What is't you do ?*
Witches. *A deed without a name.*

† See the fine old ballad, called, "The Children in the Wood."

“ For from the town the man returns no more.”
But thou, who Heaven’s just vengeance darest defy,
This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,
When death lays waste thy house, and flames consume
thy store.

XLVII.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
Brighten’d one moment Edwin’s starting tear.—
“ But why should gold man’s feeble mind decoy,
“ And innocence thus die by doom severe?”
O Edwin! while thy heart is yet sincere,
Th’ assaults of discontent and doubt repel :
Dark ev’n at noontide is our mortal sphere ;
But let us hope,—to doubt, is to rebel,—
Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

XLVIII.

Nor be thy generous indignation check’d,
Nor check’d the tender tear to misery given ;
From guilt’s contagious power shall that protect,
This soften and refine the soul for heaven.
But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has driven
To censure fate and pious hope forego :
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of woe.

XLIX.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
Shall the poor gnat with discontent and rage
Exclaim, that Nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend ?

Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gainsay,
Which bade the series of events extend
Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages without
end ?

L.

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream ;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem ;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies :
For thou art but of dust ; be humble, and be wise.

LI.

Thus Heaven enlarged his soul in riper years,
For Nature gave him strength and fire, to soar,
On Fancy's wing, above this vale of tears ;
Where dark, cold-hearted sceptics, creeping, pore
Through microscope of metaphysic lore :
And much they grope for truth, but never hit.
For why ? their powers, inadequate before,
This idle art makes more and more unfit ;
Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain blunders
wit.

LII.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth ;
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device,
Oft cheer'd the shepherds round their social hearth ;
Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
To purchase chat or laughter, at the price
Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice.—

Ah! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

LIII.

Oft when the winter-storm had ceased to rave,
He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view
The cloud stupendous, from the Atlantic wave
High towering, sail along the horizon blue :
Where, 'midst the changeful scenery ever new,
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms describes,
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size ;
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

LIV.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on the vernal day,
Ev'n then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er Heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder ran.

LV.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe, when all
In sprightly dance the village youth were join'd,
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclined,
Soothed with the soft notes warbling in the wind.
Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly.
To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refined,
Ah what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compared of heavenly melancholy!

LVI.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt ?
 Alas ! how is that rugged heart forlorn !
 Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
 Of solitude and melancholy born ?
 He needs not woo the Muse ; he is her scorn.
 The sophist's rope of cobwebs he shall twine ;
 Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page ; or mourn,
 And delve for life, in Mammon's dirty mine ;
 Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton
 swine.

LVII.

For Edwin, Fate a nobler doom had plann'd :
 Song was his favorite and first pursuit.
 The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
 And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute ;
 His infant Muse, though artless, was not mute :
 Of elegance as yet he took no care ;
 For this of time and culture is the fruit ;
 And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare ;
 As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

LVIII.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,
 Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
 By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view,
 He scann'd with curious and romantic eye.
 Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
 From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
 Roused him, still keen to listen and to pry.
 At last, though long by penury control'd,
 And solitude, his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

LIX.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
For many a long month lost in snow profound,
When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
And in their northern cave the storms are bound ;
From silent mountains, straight, with startling sound,
Torrents are hurl'd ; green hills emerge ; and lo,
The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are crown'd ;
Pure rills, through vales of verdure, warbling go ;
And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'er-
flow.*

LX.

Here pause, my Gothic lyre, a little while.
The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim ;
But on this verse if MONTAGUE should smile,
New strains erelong shall animate thy frame ;
And her applause to me is more than fame ;
For still with truth accords her taste refined.
At lucre or renown let others aim,
I only wish to please the gentle mind,
Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of human-
kind.

* *Spring and autumn are hardly known to the Laplanders. About the time the sun enters Cancer, their fields, which a week before were covered with snow, appear on a sudden full of grass and flowers.*—*Scheffer's History of Lapland, p. 16.*

THE MINSTREL ;

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

BY JAMES BEATTIE, L. L. D.

BOOK II.

I.

OF chance or change O let not man complain ;
 Else shall he never, never cease to wail :
 For, from th' imperial dome, to where the swain
 Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
 All feel th' assault of Fortune's fickle gale ;
 Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd ;
 Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble vale,
 And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,
 And, where th' Atlantic rolls, wide continents have
 bloom'd.*

II.

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
 Nor search the ancient records of our race,
 To learn the dire effects of time and change,
 Which in ourselves, alas ! we daily trace.
 Yet, at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,
 Or hoary hair, I never will repine :
 But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,
 Of candor, love, or sympathy divine,
 Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame, is mine.

* See Plato's *Timæus*.

III.

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,
 Shall here, without reluctance, change my lay,
 And smite the Gothic lyre with harsher hand ;
 Now when I leave that flowery path for aye
 Of childhood, where I sported many a day,
 Warbling and sauntering carelessly along ;
 Where every face was innocent and gay,
 Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,
 Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song.

IV.

"Perish the lore that deadens young desire,"
 Is the soft tenor of my song no more.
 Edwin, though loved of Heaven, must not aspire
 To bliss, which mortals never knew before.
 On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
 Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy ;
 But now and then the shades of life explore,
 Though many a sound and sight of woe annoy,
 And many a qualm of care his rising hopes destroy.

V.

Vigor from toil, from trouble patience grows.
 The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,
 Some tints of transient beauty may disclose ;
 But, ah ! it withers in the chilling hour.
 Mark yonder oaks ! Superior to the power
 Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
 And from the stormy promontory tower,
 And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
 While each assailing blast increase of strength sup

VI.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice
 Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime ;

And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
 And vales more wild, and mountains more sublime.
 One evening as he framed the careless rhyme,
 It was his chance to wander far abroad,
 And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
 Which heretofore his foot had never trode ;
 A vale appear'd below, a deep retired abode.

VII.

Thither he hied, enamor'd of the scene :
 For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic spell,
 Here scorch'd with lightning, there with ivy green,
 Fenced from the north and east this savage dell ;
 Southward a mountain rose, with easy swell,
 Whose long, long groves eternal murmur made ;
 And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,
 Where, through the cliffs, the eye, remote, survey'd
 Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold array'd.

VIII.

Along this narrow valley you might see
 The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
 And, here and there, a solitary tree,
 Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.
 Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
 Of parted fragments tumbling from on high ;
 And from the summit of that craggy mound
 The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
 Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.

IX.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
 Its flowery bosom to the noon-day beam,
 Where many a rose-bud rears its blushing head,
 And herbs for food with future plenty teem.

Soothed by the lulling sound of grove and stream,
Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul :
He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll ;—
When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole :

X.

“ Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
“ And woo the weary to profound repose ;
“ Can Passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
“ And whisper comfort to the man of woes !
“ Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
“ And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
“ O Solitude, the man who thee foregoes,
“ When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
“ Shall never know the source whence real grandeur
springs.

XI.

“ Vain man, is grandeur given to gay attire ?
“ Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid :—
“ To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire ?
“ It is thy weakness that requires their aid :—
“ To palaces, with gold and gems inlay'd ?
“ They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm :—
“ To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade ?
“ Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm !
“ Behold, what deeds of woe the locust can perform !

XII.

“ True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
“ Virtue has raised above the things below,
“ Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,
“ Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest
blow.”

—This strain from midst the rocks was heard to flow
 In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star ;
 And from embattled clouds emerging slow,
 Cynthia came riding on her silver car ;
 And hoary mountain cliffs shone faintly from afar.

XIII.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew ;
 (While Edwin, wrapp'd in wonder, listening stood)
 “ Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
 “ Scorn'd by the wise, and hated by the good !
 “ Ye only can engage the servile brood
 “ Of Levity and Lust, who, all their days,
 “ Ashamed of truth and liberty, have woo'd
 “ And hugg'd the chain, that, glittering on their gaze,
 “ Seems to outshine the pomp of heaven's empyreal
 blaze.

XIV.

“ Like them, abandon'd to Ambition's sway,
 “ I sought for glory in the paths of guile ;
 “ And fawn'd and smiled, to plunder and betray,
 “ Myself betray'd and plunder'd all the while ;
 “ So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file.
 “ But now, with pangs of keen remorse, I rue
 “ Those years of trouble and debasement vile.—
 “ Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue ?
 “ Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever from my view.

XV.

“ The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
 “ And storms of disappointment, all o'erpast,
 “ Henceforth no earthly hope with Heaven shall share
 “ This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.
 “ And if for me no treasure be amass'd,

“ And if no future age shall hear my name,
“ I lurk the more secure from Fortune’s blast,
“ And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
“ Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of
fame.

XVI.

“ The end and the reward of toil is rest.
“ Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
“ Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possess’d,
“ Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease ?
“ Ah ! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,
“ The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious string,
“ The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
“ All that art, fortune, enterprise, can bring,
“ If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride, the bosom wring ?

XVII.

“ Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
“ With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
“ In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
“ Where night and desolation ever frown.
“ Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down ;
“ Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
“ With here and there a violet bestrown,
“ Fast by a brook, or fountain’s murmuring wave ;
“ And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

XVIII.

“ And thither let the village swain repair ;
“ And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
“ To deck with flowers her half-dishevell’d hair,
“ And celebrate the merry morn of May.
“ There let the shepherd’s pipe the live-long day
“ Fill all the grove with love’s bewitching woe ;

- “ And when mild evening comes with mantle gray,
“ Let not the blooming band make haste to go ;
“ No ghost nor spell my long and last abode shall know.

XIX.

- “ For, though I fly to 'scape from Fortune's rage,
“ And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
“ Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
“ Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn :
“ For virtue lost, and ruin'd man, I mourn.
“ O man, creation's pride, Heaven's darling child,
“ Whom Nature's best, divinest gifts adorn,
“ Why from thy home are truth and joy exiled,
“ And all thy favorite haunts with blood and tears
defiled ?

XX.

- “ Along yon glittering sky what glory streams !
“ What majesty attends night's lovely queen !
“ Fair laugh our vallies in the vernal beams ;
“ And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
“ And all conspire to beautify the scene.
“ But, in the mental world, what chaos drear !
“ What forms, of mournful, loathsome, furious mien !
“ O when shall that eternal morn appear,
“ These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to
clear !

XXI.

- “ O Thou, at whose creative smile, yon heaven,
“ In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
“ Rose from th' abyss ; when dark Confusion, driven
“ Down, down the bottomless profound of night,
“ Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight !
“ O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,

“ To blast the fury of oppressive might,
“ Melt the hard heart to love and mercy’s sway,
“ And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on the
way.”

XXII.

Silence ensued : and Edwin raised his eyes
In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.
“ And is it thus, in courtly life,” he cries,
“ That man to man acts a betrayer’s part ?
“ And dares he thus the gifts of Heaven pervert,
“ Each social instinct, and sublime desire ?
“ Hail, Poverty ! if honor, wealth, and art,
“ If what the great pursue, and learn’d admire,
“ Thus dissipate and quench the soul’s ethereal fire !”

XXIII.

He said, and turn’d away ; nor did the sage
O’erhear, in silent orisons employ’d.
The youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,
Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoy’d ;
For now no cloud obscures the starry void ;
‘The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills ;
Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoy’d ;
A soothing murmur the lone region fills
Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

XXIV.

But he from day to day more anxious grew,
‘The voice still seem’d to vibrate on his ear,
Nor durst he hope the hermit’s tale untrue ;
For man he seem’d to love, and Heaven to fear ;
And none speaks false, where there is none to hear.
“ Yet can man’s gentle heart become so fell ?
“ No more in vain conjecture let me wear

“ My hours away, but seek the hermit’s cell ;
 “ ’Tis he my doubt can clear, perhaps my care dispel.”

XXV.

At early dawn the youth his journey took,
 And many a mountain pass’d and valley wide,
 Then reach’d the wild ; where, in a flowery nook,
 And seated on a mossy stone, he spied
 An ancient man ; his harp lay him beside.
 A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,
 And, kneeling, lick’d the wither’d hand, that tied
 A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,
 And hung his lofty neck with many a floweret small.

XXVI.

And now the hoary sage arose, and saw
 The wanderer approaching ; innocence
 Smiled on his glowing cheek, but modest awe
 Depress’d his eye, that fear’d to give offence.
 “ Who art thou, courteous stranger ? and from
 whence ?
 “ Why roam thy steps to this abandon’d dale ?”
 “ A shepherd-boy,” the youth replied, “ far hence
 “ My habitation : hear my artless tale ;
 “ Nor levity nor falsehood shall thine ear assail.

XXVII.

“ Late as I roam’d, intent on Nature’s charms,
 “ I reach’d at eve, this wilderness profound ;
 “ And, leaning where yon oak expands her arms,
 “ Heard these rude cliffs thine awful voice rebound.
 “ (For in thy speech I recognise the sound.)
 “ You mourn’d for ruin’d man, and virtue lost,
 “ And seem’d to feel of keen remorse the wound,
 “ Pondering on former days, by guilt engross’d,
 “ Or in the giddy storm of dissipation toss’d.

XXVIII.

" But say, in courtly life can craft be learn'd,
 " Where knowledge opens, and exalts the soul;
 " Where Fortune lavishes her gifts unearn'd,
 " Can selfishness the liberal heart control?
 " Is glory there achieved by arts as foul
 " As those which felons, fiends, and furies, plan?
 " Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tigers prowl;
 " Love is the godlike attribute of man.
 " O teach a simple youth this mystery to scan.

XXIX.

" Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,
 " And give me back the calm contented mind;
 " Which late, exulting, view'd, in Nature's frame,
 " Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfined,
 " Grace, grandeur, and utility, combined.
 " Restore those tranquil days, that saw me still
 " Well pleased with all, but most with human-kind;
 " When Fancy roam'd through Nature's works at
 will,
 " Uncheck'd by cold distrust, and uninform'd of ill."

XXX.

" Wouldst thou," the sage replied, " in peace return
 " To the gay dreams of fond romantic youth,
 " Leave me to hide, in this remote sojourn,
 " From every gentle ear the dreadful truth:
 " For if my desultory strain with ruth
 " And indignation make thine eyes o'erflow,
 " Alas! what comfort could thy anguish soothe,
 " Shouldst thou th' extent of human folly know?
 " Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to
 woe.

XXXI.

- " But let untender thoughts afar be driven :
 " Nor venture to arraign the dread decree ;
 " For know, to man, as candidate for heaven,
 " The voice of The Eternal said, Be free ;
 " And this divine prerogative to thee
 " Does virtue, happiness, and heaven convey ;
 " For virtue is the child of liberty,
 " And happiness of virtue ; nor can they
 " Be free to keep the path, who are not free to stray.

XXXII.

- " Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,
 " Which else might thy young virtue overpower ;
 " And in thy converse I shall find relief,
 " When the dark shades of melancholy lower ;
 " For solitude has many a dreary hour,
 " Ev'n when exempt from grief, remorse, and pain :
 " Come often then ; for haply, in my bower,
 " Amusement, knowledge, wisdom thou mayst gain.
 " If I one soul improve, I have not lived in vain."

XXXIII.

And now, at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze
 The Muse of history unrolls her page.
 But few, alas ! the scenes her art displays,
 To charm his fancy, or his heart engage.
 Here chiefs their thirst of power in blood assuage,
 And straight their flames with tenfold fierceness burn :
 Here smiling Virtue prompts th' patriot's rage,
 But, lo ! erelong, is left alone to mourn,
 And languish in the dust, and clasp th' abandon'd urn.

XXXIV.

- " Ambition's slippery verge shall mortals tread,
 " Where ruin's gulf unfathom'd yawns beneath ?

" Shall life, shall liberty be lost," he said,
 " For the vain toys that Pomp and Power bequeath :
 " The car of victory, the plume, the wreath,
 " Defend not from the bolt of fate the brave ;
 " No note the clarion of Renown can breathe,
 " T' alarm the long night of the lonely grave,
 " Or check the headlong haste of time's o'erwhelming
 wave.

XXXV.

" Ah, what avails," he said, " to trace the springs,
 " That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel ?
 " Ah, what have I to do with conquering kings,
 " Hands drench'd in blood, and breasts begirt with
 steel ?
 " To those whom Nature taught to think and feel,
 " Heroes, alas ! are things of small concern.
 " Could history man's secret heart reveal,
 " And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,
 " Her transcripts to explore, what bosom would not
 yearn ?

XXXVI.

" This praise, O Cheronean sage,* is thine.
 " (Why should this praise to thee alone belong ?)
 " All else from Nature's moral path decline,
 " Lured by the toys that captivate the throng ;
 " To herd in cabinets and camps, among
 " Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride ;
 " Or chant of heraldry the drowsy song,
 " How tyrant blood, o'er many a region wide,
 " Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

* *Plutarch.*

XXXVII.

" O who of man the story will unfold,
 " Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,
 " In that elysian age, (misnamed of gold)
 " The age of love, and innocence, and joy,
 " When all were great and free ! man's sole employ
 " To deck the bosom of his parent earth ;
 " Or toward his bower the murmuring stream decoy,
 " To aid the floweret's long-expected birth,
 " And lull the bed of peace, and crown the board of
 mirth.

XXXVIII.

" Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval groves,
 " Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,
 " Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,
 " His eyes still smiling, and his heart content.
 " Then, hand in hand, Health, Sport, and Labor went ;
 " Nature supplied the wish she taught to crave.
 " None prowld for prey, none watch'd to circum-
 vent,
 " To all an equal lot Heaven's bounty gave :
 " No vassal fear'd his lord, no tyrant fear'd his slave.

XXXIX.

" But ah ! th' historic Muse has never dared
 " To pierce those hallow'd bowers : 'tis Fancy's
 beam
 " Pour'd on the vision of th' enraptur'd bard,
 " That paints the charms of that delicious theme.
 " Then hail sweet Fancy's ray ! and hail the dream
 " That weans the weary soul from guilt and woe !
 " Careless what others of my choice may deem,
 " I long where Love and Fancy lead to go,
 " And meditate on Heaven ; enough of earth I know."

XL.

" I cannot blame thy choice," the sage replied,
" For soft and smooth are Fancy's flowery ways.
" And yet, even there, if left without a guide,
" The young adventurer unsafely plays.
" Eyes dazzled long by Fiction's gaudy rays,
" In modest Truth no light nor beauty find.
" And who, my child, would trust the meteor blaze,
" That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,
" More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had
 shined ?

XLI.

" Fancy enervates, while it soothes the heart ;
" And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight :
" To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
" But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night.
" And often where no real ills affright,
" Its visionary fiends, an endless train,
" Assail with equal or superior might,
" And, through the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,
" And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than mor-
 tal pain.

XLII.

" And yet, alas ! the real ills of life
" Claim the full vigor of a mind prepared,
" Prepared for patient, long, laborious strife,
" Its guide Experience, and Truth its guard.
" We fare on earth as other men have fared ;
" Were they successful ? Let not us despair.
" Was disappointment oft their sole reward ?
" Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare,
" How they have borne the load ourselves are doom'd
 to bear.

XLIII.

- “ What charms th’ historic Muse adorn, from spoils,
 “ And blood, and tyrants, when she wings her
 flight,
 “ To hail the patriot prince, whose pious toils,
 “ Sacred to science, liberty, and right,
 “ And peace, through every age divinely bright
 “ Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind !
 “ Sees yonder sun, from his meridian height,
 “ A lovelier scene, than virtue thus inshrined
 “ In power, and man with man, for mutual aid, com-
 bined ?

XLIV.

- “ Hail, sacred Polity, by Freedom rear’d !
 “ Hail, sacred Freedom, when by Law restrain’d !
 “ Without you what were man ? A grovelling herd
 “ In darkness, wretchedness, and want, enchain’d.
 “ Sublimed by you, the Greek and Roman reign’d
 “ In arts unrivall’d : O, to latest days,
 “ In Albion may your influence unprofaned
 “ To godlike worth the generous bosom raise,
 “ And prompt the sage’s lore, and fire the poet’s lays.

XLV.

- “ But now let other themes our care engage.
 “ For, lo ! with modest yet majestic grace,
 “ To curb Imagination’s lawless rage,
 “ And from within the cherish’d heart to brace,
 “ Philosophy appears. The gloomy race
 “ By Indolence and moping Fancy bred,
 “ Fear, Discontent, Solitude, give place,
 “ And Hope and Courage brighten in their stead,
 “ While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed.

XLVI.

“ Then waken from long lethargy to life
“ The seeds of happiness, and powers of thought :
“ Then jarring appetites forego their strife,
“ A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.
“ Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
“ With fell revenge ; lust that defies control,
“ With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
“ Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl ;
“ As Phœbus to the world, is Science to the soul.

XLVII.

“ And Reason now through number, time, and space,
“ Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
“ And learns from facts compared the laws to trace,
“ Whose long progression leads to Deity.
“ Can mortal strength presume to soar so high ?
“ Can mortal sight, so oft bedimm’d with tears,
“ Such glory bear ?—for, lo ! the shadows fly
“ From nature’s face ; confusion disappears,
“ And order charms the eyes, and harmony the ears.

XLVIII.

“ In the deep windings of the grove, no more
“ The hag obscene and grisly phantom dwell ;
“ Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar
“ Of winds, is heard the angry spirit’s yell ;
“ No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
“ Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon ;
“ Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
“ To ease of fancied pangs the laboring moon,
“ Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

XLIX.

“ Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,
“ Stunn’d with th’ eternal turbulence of waves,

- “ Lo, with dim eyes that never learn’d to smile,
 “ And trembling hands, the famish’d native craves
 “ Of Heaven his wretched fare : shivering in caves,
 “ Or scorch’d on rocks, he pines from day to day;
 “ But Science gives the word ; and lo, he braves
 “ The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
 “ And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

L.

- “ And ev’n where Nature loads the teeming plain
 “ With the full pomp of vegetable store,
 “ Her bounty, unimproved, is deadly bane :
 “ Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to shore,
 “ Stretch their enormous gloom ; which to explore
 “ Ev’n Fancy trembles, in her sprightliest mood ;
 “ For there, each eyeball gleams with lust of gore,
 “ Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood,
 “ Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every
 flood.

LI.

- “ ’Twas from Philosophy man learn’d to tame
 “ The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.
 “ Lo ! from the echoing axe, and thundering flame,
 “ Poison and plague and yielding rage are fled.
 “ The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
 “ Bring health and melody to every vale :
 “ And, from the breezy main and mountain’s head,
 “ Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,
 “ To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering
 gale.

LII.

- “ What dire necessities on every hand
 “ Our art, our strength, our fortitude, require !

" Of foes intestine what a numerous band
 " Against this little throb of life conspire !
 " Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
 " Awhile, and turn aside Death's levell'd dart,
 " Soothe the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
 " And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the
 heart,
 And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

LIII.

" Nor less to regulate man's moral frame,
 " Science exerts her all-composing sway ;
 " Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
 " Or pines, to Indolence and Spleen a prey,
 " Or Avarice, a fiend more fierce than they ?
 " Flee to the shades of Academus' grove ;
 " Where cares molest not ! discord melts away
 " In harmony, and the pure passions prove
 How sweet the words of truth breathed from the lips
 of Love.

LIV.

" What cannot art and industry perform,
 " When Science plans the progress of their toil !
 " They smile at penury, disease, and storm ;
 " And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.
 " When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
 " A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
 " Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
 " Deep-versed in man, the philosophic sage
 Prepares, with lenient hand, their frenzy to assuage.

LV.

" 'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
 " From situation, temper, soil, and cline

“ Explored, a nation’s various powers can bind
 “ And various orders, in one form sublime
 “ Of polity, that, midst the wrecks of time,
 “ Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
 “ Th’ assault of foreign or domestic crime,
 “ While public faith, and public love sincere,
 “ And industry and law maintain their sway severe.”

LVI.

Enraptured by the hermit’s strain, the youth
 Proceeds the path of Science to explore.
 And now, expanding to the beams of Truth,
 New energies, and charms unknown before,
 His mind discloses: Fancy now no more
 Wantons on fickle pinion through the skies;
 But, fixed in aim, and conscious of her power,
 Sublime from cause to cause exults to rise,
 Creation’s blended stores arranging as she flies.

LVII.

Nor love of novelty alone inspires,
 Their laws and nice dependencies to scan;
 For, mindful of the aids that life requires,
 And of the services man owes to man,
 He meditates new arts on Nature’s plan;
 The cold desponding breast of Sloth to warm,
 The flame of Industry and Genius fan,
 And Emulation’s noble rage alarm,
 And the long hours of toil and solitude to charm.

LVIII.

But she, who set on fire his infant heart,
 And all his dreams, and all his wanderings shared,
 And bless’d the Muse, and her celestial art,
 Still claim’d th’ enthusiast’s fond and first regard.

From Nature's beauties variously compared
And variously combined, he learns to frame
Those forms of bright perfection, which the bard,
While boundless hopes and boundless views inflame,
Enamor'd consecrates to never-dying fame.

LIX.

Of late, with cumbersome, though pompous show,
Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface,
'Through ardor to adorn ; but Nature now
'To his experienced eye a modest grace
Presents, where ornament the second place
Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design
Subservient still. Simplicity apace
Tempers his rage : he owns her charm divine,
And clears th' ambiguous phrase, and lops th' unwieldy line.

LX.

Fain would I sing, (much yet unsung remains)
What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,
When the great Shepherd of the Mantuan plains*
His deep majestic melody 'gan roll :
Fain would I sing, what transport storm'd his soul,
How the red current throbb'd his veins along,
When, like Pelides, bold beyond control,
Gracefully terrible, sublimely strong,
Homer raised high to heaven the loud, th' impetuous
song.

LXI.

And how his lyre, though rude her first essays,
Now skill'd to soothe, to triumph, to complain,

Warbling at will through each harmonious maze,
 Was taught to modulate the artful strain,
 I fain would sing:—but ah! I strive in vain.
 Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound.—
 With trembling step, to join yon weeping train,
 I haste, where gleams funereal glare around,
 And, mix'd with shrieks of woe, the knells of death
 resound.

LXII.

Adieu, ye lays, that Fancy's flowers adorn,
 The soft amusement of the vacant mind!
 He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,
 He, whom each virtue fired, each grace refined,
 Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind!*
 He sleeps in dust.—Ah, how should I pursue
 My theme! to heart-consuming grief resign'd,
 Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
 And pour my bitter tears.—Ye flowery lays, adieu!

LXIII.

Art thou, my GREGORY, for ever fled!
 And am I left to unavailing woe!
 When fortune's storms assail this weary head,
 Where cares long since have shed untimely snow,
 Ah! now for comfort whither shall I go!
 No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers:
 Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,
 My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.
 'Tis meet that I should mourn:—flow forth afresh my
 tears.

* This excellent person died suddenly, on the 10th of February, 1773. The conclusion of the poem was written a few days after.

AN ELEGY

WRITTEN IN

A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BY THOMAS GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;

Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their teams afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to extacy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest ;
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined :
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride,
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;

And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonor'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate:

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say—
“Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
“Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
“To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
“That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
“His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
“And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
“Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
“Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
“Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

“One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
“Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
“Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
“Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

- “ The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
“ Slow through the church-yard path we saw him borne;
“ Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
“ Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

ODE TO ADVERSITY.

BY THOMAS GRAY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless Power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain.

And purple tyrants vainly groan,
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore;
What sorrow was, thou badest her know:
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse; and with them go
The summer-friend, the flattering foe;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band,
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,

With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear ;
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel ;—and know myself a man.

PAIRING TIME ANTICIPATED.

A FABLE.

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

I SHALL not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau,*
If birds confabulate or no ;
'Tis clear that they were always able
To hold discourse, at least, in fable ;
And ev'n the child who knows no better,
Than to interpret by the letter
A story of a cock and bull,
Must have a most uncommon skull.

* It was one of the whimsical speculations of this philosopher, that all fables which ascribe reason and speech to animals should be withheld from children, as being only vehicles of deception.—But what child was ever deceived by them, or can be, against the evidence of his senses.

It chanced then, on a winter's day,
But warm and bright, and calm as May,
The birds, conceiving a design
To forestall sweet St. Valentine,
In many an orchard, copse, and grove,
Assembled on affairs of love,
And with much twitter and much chatter,
Began to agitate the matter.
At length a Bullfinch, who could boast
More years and wisdom than the most,
Entreated, opening wide his beak,
A moment's liberty to speak ;
And, silence publicly enjoin'd,
Deliver'd briefly thus his mind.

My friends ! be cautious how ye treat
The subject upon which we meet ;
I fear we shall have winter yet.

A Finch, whose tongue knew no control,
With golden wing and satin poll,
A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried
What marriage means, thus pert replied.

Methinks the gentleman, quoth she,
Opposite in the apple-tree,
By his good will, would keep us single
Till yonder heaven and earth shall mingle,
Or (which is likelier to befall)
Till death exterminate us all.
I marry without more ado,
My dear Dick Redcap, what say you ?

Dick heard, and, tweedling, ogling, bridling,
Furning short round, strutting, and sideling,

Attested, glad, his approbation
Of an immediate conjugation.
Their sentiments, so well express'd,
Influenced mightily the rest,
All pair'd, and each pair built a nest.

But, though the birds were thus in haste,
The leaves came on not quite so fast,
And destiny, that sometimes bears
An aspect stern on man's affairs,
Not altogether smiled on theirs.
The wind, of late breathed gently forth,
Now shifted east and east by north.
Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know,
Could shelter them from rain or snow;
Stepping into their nests, they paddled,
Themselves were chill'd, their eggs were addled;
Soon every father bird and mother
Grew quarrelsome, and peck'd each other,
Parting without the least regret,
Except that they had ever met,
And learn'd, in future to be wiser,
Than to neglect a good adviser.

INSTRUCTION.

Misses! the tale that I relate,
This lesson seems to carry—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.

*THE SHRUBBERY.**Written in a Time of Affliction.*

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

OH, happy shades—to me unblest !

Friendly to peace, but not to me !

How ill the scene that offers rest,

And heart that cannot rest, agree !

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,

Those alders quivering to the breeze,

Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,

And please, if any thing could please.

But fix'd, unalterable care

Foregoes not what she feels within,

Shows the same sadness every where,

And slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleased in wood or lawn,

While peace possess'd these silent bowers,

Her animating smile withdrawn,

Has lost its beauties and its powers.

The saint or moralist should tread

This moss-grown alley, musing, slow ;

They seek, like me, the secret shade,

But not, like me, to nourish woe !

Me fruitful scenes, and prospects waste,

Alike admonish not to roam ;

These tell me of enjoyments past,

And those of sorrows yet to come.

REPORT

OF AN ADJUDGED CASE, NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY
OF THE BOOKS.

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose—

The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
(’Tis a case that has happen’d, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a nose!
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

On the whole it appears—and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,

That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then, shifting his side, (as a lawyer knows how)
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes :
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one if or but—
That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By day-light or candle-light—Eyes should be shut !

OWEN OF CARRON.

BY DR. LANGHORNE.

I.

ON CARRON'S side, the primrose pale,
Why does it wear a purple hue ?
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale,
Why stream your eyes with pity's dew ?

'Tis all with gentle OWEN'S blood,
That purple grows the primrose pale ;
That pity pours the tender flood
From each fair eye in Marlivale.

The evening star sate in his eye,
The sun his golden tresses gave,
The north's pure morn her orient dye,
To him who rests in yonder grave !

Beneath no high historic stone,
Though nobly born, is Owen laid,
Stretch'd on the green wood's lap alone,
He sleeps beneath the waving shade.

There many a flowery race hath sprung,
And fled before the mountain gale,
Since first his simple dirge ye sung,
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale !

Yet still, when May, with fragrant feet,
Hath wander'd o'er your meads of gold,
That dirge I hear, so simply sweet,
Far echoed from each evening fold.

II.

'Twas in the pride of William's days,
When Scotland's honors flourish'd still,
That Moray's Earl, with mighty sway,
Bore rule o'er many a Highland hill.

And far for him their fruitful store
The fairest plains of Carron spread,
In fortune rich, in offspring poor,
An only daughter crown'd his bed.

O! write not poor.—The wealth that flows,
In waves of gold, round India's throne,
All in her shining breast that glows,
To ELLEN's charms, were earth and stone.

For her the youth of Scotland sigh'd,
The Frenchman gay, the Spaniard grave,
And smoother Italy applied,
And many an English baron brave.

In vain by foreign arts assail'd,
No foreign loves her breast beguile,

And England's honest valor fail'd,
Paid with a cold but courteous smile.

“ Ah ! woe to thee, young Nithisdale,
“ That o'er thy cheek those roses-stray'd.

“ Thy breath the violet of the vale,
“ Thy voice the music of the shade !

“ Ah ! woe to thee, that Ellen's love
“ Alone to thy soft tale would yield !

“ For soon those gentle arms shall prove
“ The conflict of a ruder field.”

'Twas thus a wayward sister spoke,
And cast a rueful glance behind,
As from her dimwood glen she broke,
And mounted on the moaning wind.

She spoke, and vanish'd.—More unmoved
Than Moray's rocks, when storms invest,
The valiant youth by Ellen loved,
With aught that fear or fate suggest.

For love, methinks, hath power to raise
The soul above a vulgar state !
Th' unconquer'd banners he displays
Control our fears, and fix our fate.

III.

'Twas when, on summer's softest eve,
Of clouds that wander'd west away,
Twilight with gentle hand did weave
Her fairy robe of night and day—

When all the mountain gales were still,
And the wave slept against the shore,
And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
Left his last smile on Lemmermore—

Led by those waking dreams of thought,
That warm the young unpractised breast,
Her wonted bower sweet Ellen sought,
And Carron murmur'd near, and soothed her into rest.

IV.

There is some kind and courtly sprite,
That o'er the realm of fancy reigns,
Throws sunshine on the mask of night,
And smiles at slumber's powerless chains :

'Tis told, and I believe the tale,
At this soft hour the sprite was there,
And spread with fairer flowers the vale,
And fill'd with sweeter sounds the air.

A bower he framed, (for he could frame
What long might weary mortal wight,
Swift as the lightning's rapid flame
Darts on the unsuspecting sight)

Such bower he framed with magic hand,
As well that wizard bard hath wove,
In scene where fair Armida's wand
Waved all the witcheries of love.

Yet was it wrought in simple show ;
Nor Indian mines nor orient shores
Had lent their glories here to glow,
Or yielded here their shining stores.

All round a poplar's trembling arms
The wild rose wound her damask flower ;
The woodbine lent her spicy charms,
That loves to weave the lover's bower.

The ash that courts the mountain air,
In all her painted blooms array'd,

The wilding's blossom, blushing fair,
Combined to form the flowery shade.

With thyme that loves the brown hill's breast,
The cowslip's sweet reclining head,
The violet of sky woven vest,
Was all the fairy ground bespread.

But who is he, whose locks so fair
Adown his manly shoulders flow ?
Beside him lies the hunter's spear,
Beside him sleeps the warrior's bow.

He bends to Ellen—(gentle sprite,
Thy sweet seductive arts forbear)
He courts her arms with fond delight,
And instant vanishes in air.

V.

Hast thou not found, at early dawn,
Some soft ideas melt away,
If o'er sweet vale, or flowery lawn,
The sprite of dreams hath bid thee stray ?

Hast thou not some fair object seen,
And when the fleeting form was past,
Still on thy memory found its mein,
And felt the fond idea last ?

Thou hast—and oft the pictured view,
Seen in some vision counted vain,
Has struck thy wondering eye anew,
And brought the long lost dream again.

With warrior-bow, with hunter's spear,
With locks adown his shoulders spread,
Young Nithisdale is ranging near—
He's ranging near yon mountain's head.

Scarce had one pale moon pass'd away,
And fill'd her silver urn again,
When in the devious chase to stray,
Afar from all his woodland train,
'To Carron's banks his fate consign'd,
And, all to shun the fervid hour,
He sought some friendly shade to find,
And found the visionary bower.

VI.

Led by the golden star of love,
Sweet Ellen took her wonted way,
And in the deep defending grove
Sought refuge from the fervid day.—

Oh!—who is he, whose ringlets fair
Disorder'd o'er his green vest flow,
Reclined in rest—whose sunny hair
Half hides the fair cheek's ardent glow?

'Tis he, that sprite's illusive guest,
(Ah me! that sprites can fate control!)
That lives still imaged on her breast,
That lives still pictured in her soul.

As when some gentle spirit fled
From earth to breathe elysian air,
And, in the train whom we call dead,
Perceives its long loved partner there—

Soft, sudden pleasure rushes o'er,
Resistless, o'er its airy frame,
To find his future fate restore
The object of its former flame :

So Ellen stood—less power to move
Had he, who, bound in slumber's chain,

Seem'd, haply, o'er his hills to rove,
And wind his woodland chase again.

She stood, but trembled—mingled fear
And fond delight and melting love
Seized all her soul, she came not near,
She came not near that fated grove.

She strives to fly—from wizard's wand
As well might powerless captive fly—
The new cropp'd flower falls from her hand—
Ah! fall not with that flower to die.

VII.

Hast thou not seen some azure gleam
Smile in the morning's orient eye,
And skirt the reddening clouds' soft beam,
What time the sun was hasting nigh?

Thou hast—and thou canst fancy well,
As any Muse that meets thine ear,
The soul-set eye of Nithisdale,
When, waked, it fix'd on Ellen near.

Silent they gazed—that silence broke,
“Hail, Goddess of these groves,” he cried,
“O let me wear thy gentle yoke,
“O let me in thy service bide.

“For thee I'll climb the mountain steep,
“Unwearied chase the destined prey,
“For thee I'll pierce the wild wood deep,
“And part the sprays that vex thy way.

“For thee”—“O stranger, cease,” she said.
And swift away, like Daphne, flew;
But Daphne's flight was not delay'd
By aught that to her bosom grew.

'Twas Atalanta's golden fruit,
The fond idea that confined
Fair Ellen's steps, and bless'd his suit,
Who was not far, not far behind.

VIII.

O Love ! within those golden vales,
Those genial airs where thou wast born,
Where Nature, listening thy soft tales,
Leans on the rosy breast of morn—
Where the sweet smiles, the Graces dwell,
And tender sighs the heart emove,
In silent eloquence to tell
Thy tale, O soul-subduing Love !
Ah ! wherefore should grim Rage be nigh,
And dark Distrust with changeful face,
And Jealousy's reverted eye,
Be near thy fair, thy favor'd place ?

IX.

Earl Barnard was of high degree,
And lord of many a Lowland hind,
And long for Ellen love had he,
Had love, but not of gentle kind.
From Moray's halls her absent hour
He watch'd with all a miser's care :
The wide domain, the princely dower,
Made Ellen more than Ellen fair.
Ah wretch ! to think the liberal soul
May thus with fair affection part !
Though Lothian's vales thy sway control,
Know, Lothian is not worth one heart.
Studious he marks her absent hour,
And winding far where Carron flows,

Sudden he sees the fated bower,
And red rage on his dark brow glows.

For who is he ?—'tis Nithisdale !

And that fair form with arm reclined
On his ?—'tis Ellen of the vale,

'Tis she (O powers of vengeance !) kind.

Should he that vengeance swift pursue ?

No—that would all his hopes destroy !

Moray would vanish from his view,

And rob him of a miser's joy.

Unseen to Moray's halls he hies—

He calls his slaves, his ruffian band,

“ And haste to yonder groves,” he cries,

“ And ambush'd lie by Carron's strand.

“ What time ye mark, from bower or glen,

“ A gentle lady take her way,

“ To distance due, and far from ken,

“ Allow her length of time to stray.

“ Then ransack straight that range of groves ;

“ With hunter's spear, and vest of green,

“ If chance a rosy stripling roves—

“ Ye well can aim your arrows keen.”

And now the ruffian slaves are nigh,

And Ellen takes her homeward way,

Though stay'd by many a tender sigh,

She can no longer, longer stay.

Pensive, against yon poplar pale,

The lover leans his gentle heart,

Revolving many a tender tale,

And wondering still how they could part.

Three arrows pierced the desert air ;

Ere yet his tender dreams depart ;

And one struck deep his forehead fair,
And one went through his gentle heart.

Love's waking dream is lost in sleep—
He lies beneath yon poplar pale :
Ah ! could we marvel ye should weep,
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale !

X.

When all the mountain gales were still,
And the wave slept against the shore,
And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
Left his last smile on Lemmormore ;

Sweet Ellen takes her wonted way
Along the fairy-featured vale,
Bright o'er his wave does Carron play,
And soon she'll meet her Nithisdale.

She'll meet him soon—for at her sight
Swift as the mountain deer he sped :
The evening shades will sink in night—
Where art thou, loitering lover, fled ?

Oh ! she will chide thy trifling stay ;
Ev'n now the soft reproach she frames :
“ Can lovers brook such long delay ?
“ Lovers that boast of ardent flames !”

He comes not—weary with the chase,
Soft slumber o'er his eyelids throws
Her veil—we'll steal one dear embrace,
We'll gently steal on his repose.

This is the bower—we'll softly tread—
He sleeps beneath yon poplar pale—
Lover, if e'er thy heart has bled,
Thy heart will far forego my tale !

XI.

Ellen is not in princely bower,
She's not in Moray's splendid train :
Their mistress dear, at midnight hour,
Her weeping maidens seek in vain.

Her pillow swells not deep with down,
For her no balms their sweets exhale :
Her limbs are on the pale turf thrown,
Press'd by her lovely cheek as pale.

On that fair cheek, that flowing hair,
That broom its yellow leaf hath shed,
And the chill mountain's early air
Blows wildly o'er her beauteous head.

As the soft star of orient day,
When clouds involve his rosy light,
Darts through the gloom a transient ray,
And leaves the world once more to night ;

Returning life illumines her eye,
And slow its languid orb unfolds—
What are those bloody arrows nigh ?
Sure bloody arrows she beholds !

What was the form so ghastly pale,
That low beneath the poplar lay ?
'Twas some poor youth—" Ah Nithisdale !"
She said, and silent sunk away.

XII.

The morn is on the mountains spread,
The woodlark trills his liquid strain—
Can morn's sweet music raise the dead ?
Give the set eye its soul again ?

A shepherd of that gentler mind,
Which nature not profusely yields,
Seeks in these lonely shades to find
Some wanderer from his little fields.

Aghast he stands—and simple fear
O'er all his paly visage glides—
“ Ah me ! what means this misery here ?
“ What fate this lady fair betides ? ”

He bears her to his friendly home,
When life, he finds, has but retired :
With haste he frames the lover's tomb,
For his is quite, is quite expired !

XIII.

“ O hide me in thy humble bower,”
Returning late to life, she said ;
“ I'll bind thy crook with many a flower ;
“ With many a rosy wreath thy head.
“ Good shepherd, haste to yonder grove,
“ And if my love asleep is laid,
“ Oh ! wake him not ; but softly move
“ Some pillow to that gentle head.
“ Sure thou wilt know him, shepherd swain,
“ 'Thou know'st the sun rise o'er the sea—
“ But, oh ! no lamb in all thy train
“ Was e'er so mild, so mild as he.
“ His head is on the wood-moss laid ;
“ I did not wake his slumber deep—
“ Sweet sings the redbreast o'er the shade ”—
“ Why, gentle lady, would you weep ? ”

As flowers that fade in burning day,
At evening find the dew-drop dear,

But fiercer feel the noontide ray,
When soften'd by the nightly tear ;
Returning in the flowing tear,
This lovely flower, more sweet than they,
Found her fair soul, and wandering near,
The stranger, Reason, cross'd her way.
Found her fair soul—Ah ! so to find,
Was but more dreadful grief to know !
Ah ! sure the privilege of mind
Cannot be worth the wish of woe.

XIV.

On melancholy's silent urn
A softer shade of sorrow falls,
But Ellen can no more return,
No more return to Moray's halls.
Beneath the low and lonely shade,
The slow consuming hour she'll weep,
'Till nature seeks her last-left aid,
In the sad, sombrous arms of sleep.
“ These jewels, all unmeet for me,
“ Shalt thou,” she said, “ good shepherd, take :
“ These gems will purchase gold for thee,
“ And these be thine for Ellen's sake.
“ So fail thou not, at eve and morn,
“ The rosemary's pale bough to bring—
“ Thou know'st where I was found forlorn—
“ Where thou hast heard the redbreast sing.
“ Heedful I'll tend thy flocks the while,
“ Or aid thy shepherdess's care,
“ For I will share her humble toil,
“ And I her friendly roof will share.”

XV.

And now two longsome years are pass'd
In luxury of lonely pain—
The lovely mourner, found at last,
To Moray's halls is borne again.

Yet has she left one object dear,
That wears Love's sunny eye of joy—
Is Nithisdale reviving here?
Or is it but a shepherd's boy?

By Carron's side a shepherd's boy,
He binds his vale-flowers with the reed;
He wears Love's sunny eye of joy;
And birth he little seems to heed.

XVI.

But ah! no more his infant sleep
Closes beneath a mother's smile,
Who only when it closed would weep,
And yield to tender woe the while.

No more, with fond attention dear,
She seeks th' unspoken wish to find;
No more shall she, with pleasure's tear,
See the soul waxing into mind.

XVII.

Does Nature bear a tyrant's breast?
Is she the friend of stern Control?
Wears she the despot's purple vest;
Or fetters she the free-born soul?

Where, worst of tyrants! is thy claim
In chains thy children's breasts to bind?
Gavest thou the Promethean flame?
The incommunicable mind!

Thy offspring are great Nature's—free,
 And of her fair dominion heirs ;
 Each privilege she gives to thee ;
 Know, that each privilege is theirs.

They have thy feature, wear thine eye,
 Perhaps some feelings of thy heart ;
 And wilt thou their loved hearts deny
 To act their fair, their proper part ?

XVIII.

The lord of Lothian's fertile vale,
 Ill-fated Ellen, claims thy hand :
 Thou know'st not that thy Nithisdale
 Was low laid by his ruffian-band.

And Moray, with unfather'd eyes
 Fix'd on fair Lothian's fertile dale,
 Attends his human sacrifice,
 Without the Grecian painter's veil.

O married love ! thy bard shall own,
 Where two congenial souls unite,
 Thy golden chain's inlaid with down,
 Thy lamp's with heaven's own splendor bright.

But if no radiant star of love,
 O Hymen ! smile on thy fair rite,
 Thy chain a wretched weight shall prove,
 Thy lamp a sad sepulchral light.

XIX.

And now has Time's slow wandering wing
 Borne many a year unmark'd with speed—
 Where is the boy by Carron's spring,
 Who bound his vale-flowers with the reed ?

Ah me ! those flowers he binds no more ;
No early charm returns again ;
The parent, Nature, keeps in store
Her best joys for her little train.

No longer heed the sun-beam bright
That plays on Carron's breast he can,
Reason has lent her quiver'd light,
And shewn the chequer'd field of man.

XX.

As the first human heir of earth
With pensive eye himself survey'd,
And, all unconscious of his birth,
Sate thoughtful oft in Eden's shade :

In pensive thought so Owen stray'd
Wild Carron's lonely woods among,
And once, within their greenest glade,
He fondly framed this simple song :

XXI.

Why is this crook adorn'd with gold ?
Why am I tales of ladies told ?
Why does no labor me employ,
If I am but a shepherd's boy ?

A silken vest like mine so green,
In shepherd's hut I have not seen—
Why should I in such vesture joy,
If I am but a shepherd's boy ?

I know it is no shepherd's art
His written meaning to impart—
They teach me, sure, an idle toy,
If I am but a shepherd's boy.

This bracelet bright that binds my arm—
It could not come from shepherd's farm;
It only would that arm annoy,
If I were but a shepherd's boy.

And, O thou silent picture fair,
That lovest to smile upon me there!
O say, and fill my heart with joy,
'That I am not a shepherd's boy.

XXII.

Ah lovely youth! thy tender lay
May not thy gentle life prolong;
Seest thou yon nightingale a prey,
The fierce hawk hovering o'er his song?

His little heart is large with love:
He sweetly hails his evening star,
And fate's more pointed arrows move,
Insidious from his eye afar.

XXIII.

The shepherdess, whose kindly care
Had watch'd o'er Owen's infant breath,
Must now their silent mansions share,
Whom time leads calmly down to death.

“O tell me, parent, if thou art,
“What is this lovely picture dear?
“Why wounds its mournful eye my heart,
“Why flows from mine th' unbidden tear?”
“Ah! youth! to leave thee loth am I,
“Though I be not thy parent dear;
“And would'st thou wish, or ere I die,
“The story of thy birth to hear?”

“ But it will make thee much bewail,
“ And it will make thy fair eye swell”—
She said, and told the woesome tale,
As sooth as shepherdess might tell.

XXIV.

The heart, that sorrow doom'd to share,
Has worn the frequent seal of woe,
Its sad impressions learns to bear,
And finds full oft its ruin slow.

But when that seal is first impress'd,
When the young heart its pain shall try,
For the soft, yielding, trembling breast,
Oft seems the startled soul to fly.

Yet fled not Owen's—wild amaze
In paleness clothed, and lifted hands,
And horror's dread, unmeaning gaze,
Mark the poor statue, as it stands.

The simple guardian of his life
Look'd wistful for the tear to glide,
But when she saw his tearless strife,
Silent, she lent him one—and died.

XXV.

“ No, I am not a shepherd's boy,”
Awaking from his dream, he said,
Ah, where is now the promised joy
“ Of this?—for ever, ever fled!

“ O picture dear! for her loved sake
“ How fondly could my heart bewail
“ My friendly shepherdess; O wake,
“ And tell me more of this sad tale.

“ O tell me more of this sad tale—

“ No; thou enjoy thy gentle sleep !

“ And I will go to Lothian’s vale,

“ And more than all her waters weep.”

XXVI.

Owen to Lothian’s vale is fled—

Earl Barnard’s lofty towers appear—

“ O art thou there,” the full heart said,

“ O! art thou there, my parent dear ?”

Yes, she is there: From idle state

Oft has she stolen her hour to weep ;

Think how she “ by thy cradle sate,”

And how she “ fondly saw thee sleep.”

Now tries his trembling hand to frame

Full many a tender line of love :

And still he blots the parent’s name,

For that, he fears, might fatal prove.

XXVII.

O’er a fair fountain’s smiling side,

Reclined a dim tower clad with moss,

Where every bird was wont to bide,

That languish’d for his partner’s loss.

This scene he chose, this scene assign’d

A parent’s first embrace to wait,

And many a soft fear fill’d his mind,

Anxious for his fond letter’s fate.

The hand that bore those lines of love,

The well informing bracelet bore—

Ah! may they not unprosperous prove !

Ah! safely pass yon dangerous door !

XXVIII.

“ She comes not !—can she then delay ?”
Cried the fair youth, and dropp’d a tear—
“ Whatever filial love could say,
“ To her I said, and call’d her dear.
“ She comes—Oh ! No—encircled round,
“ ’Tis some rude chief, with many a spear ;
“ My hapless tale that Earl has found—
“ Ah me ! my heart ! for her I fear.”

His tender tale that Earl had read,
Or ere it reach’d his lady’s eye,
His dark brow wears a cloud of red,
In rage he deems a rival nigh.
’Tis o’er—Those locks that waved in gold,
That waved adown those cheeks so fair,
Wreathed in the gloomy tyrant’s hold,
Hang from the sever’d head in air.

That streaming head he joys to bear
In horrid guise to Lothian’s halls ;
Bids his grim ruffians place it there,
Erect upon the frowning walls.

The fatal tokens forth he drew—
“ Know’st thou these—Ellen of the vale ?”
The pictured bracelet soon she knew,
And soon her lovely cheek grew pale.

The trembling victim straight he led,
Ere yet her soul’s first fear was o’er :
He pointed to the ghastly head—
She saw—and sunk, to rise no more !

JEMMY DAWSON.

BY WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

Captain JAMES DAWSON, the amiable and unfortunate subject of these beautiful stanzas, was one of the eight officers belonging to the Manchester regiment of volunteers, in the service of the Young Chevalier, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington Common, in the year 1749.—And this ballad, written about the time, was founded on a remarkable circumstance which actually happened at his execution.

COME listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear,
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline ;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
A brighter never trod the plain ;
And well he loved one charming maid,
And dearly was he loved again.

One tender maid she loved him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came,
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the favor'd youth astray,

The day the rebel clans appear'd :
O had he never seen that day !

Their colors and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found ;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear !
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, nor yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said,
" O Dawson, monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
" And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
" O, GEORGE, without a prayer for thee
" My orisons should never close.

" The gracious prince that gives him life,
" Would crown a never-dying flame,
" And every tender babe I bore
" Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

" But though, dear youth, thou should'st be dragg'd
" To yonder ignominious tree,
" Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
" To share thy bitter fate with thee."

Then her mourning coach was call'd,
The sledge moved slowly on before ;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not loved her favorite more.

She follow'd him, prepared to view

The terrible behests of law :

And the last scene of Jemmy's woes

With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,

Which she had fondly loved so long ;

And stifled was that tuneful breath,

Which in her praise had sweetly sung :

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,

Round which her arms had fondly closed ;

And mangled was that beauteous breast,

On which her love-sick head reposed :

And ravish'd was that constant heart,

She did to every heart prefer ;

For though it could its king forget,

'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames

She bore this constant heart to see ;

But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,

" Now, now," she cried, " I follow thee.

" My death, my death alone can show

" The pure and lasting love I bore ;

" Accept, O Heaven, of woes like ours,

" And let us, let us weep no more."

The dismal scene was o'er and past,

The lover's mournful hearse retired ;

The maid drew back her languid head,

And, sighing forth his name, expired.

Though justice ever must prevail,

The tear my Kitty sheds is due ;

For seldom shall she hear a tale

So sad, so tender, and so true.

A PASTORAL BALLAD,

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

Arbusta humilesquemyrica.

VIRG.

I. *ABSENCE.*

I.

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I:
—I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

II.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah, lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel:
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

III.

Since Phyllis vouchsafed me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.

I prized every hour that went by,
Beyond all that pleased me before ;
But now they are past, and I sigh ;
And I grieve that I prized them no more.

IV.

But why do I languish in vain ?
Why wander thus pensively here ?
Oh ! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear ?
'They tell me, my favorite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown ;
Alas ! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander, with pleasure, alone.

V.

When forced the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart !
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gazed, as I slowly withdrew ;
My path I could hardly discern ;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

VI.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
'Thus widely removed from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

I.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow ;
My fountains are border'd with moss,
Where the harebells and violets grow.

II.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound :
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-briar twines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold :
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

III.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have labor'd to rear ;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamin strove
With the lilac to render it gay !
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

IV.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow !
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow !

And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

V.

I have found out a gift for my fair ;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed :
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young :
And I loved her the more, when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

VI.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold,
How that pity was due to—a dove ;
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

VII.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmoved, when her Corydon sighs ?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise ?
Dear regions of silence and shade !
Soft scenes of contentment and ease !
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught, in her absence, could please.

VIII.

But where does my Phyllida stray ?
And where are her grots and her bowers ?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours ?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine ;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. *SOLICITUDE.*

I.

WHY will you my passion reprove ?
Why term it a folly to grieve ?
Ere I show you the charms of my love.
She is fairer than you can believe !
With her mien she enamors the brave ;
With her wit she engages the free ;
With her modesty pleases the grave ;
She is every way pleasing to me.

II.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays ;
I could lay down my life for the swain,
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while ;
Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown :
—But I cannot allow her to smile.

III.

For when Paridel tries, in the dance,
Any favor with Phyllis to find,

O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind !
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around ;
And his pipe—oh, may Phyllis beware
Of a magic there is in the sound.

IV.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow ;
'Tis his, in smooth tales, to unfold,
" How her face is as bright as the snow,
" And her bosom, be sure, is as cold !
" How the nightingales labor the strain,
" With the notes of his charmer to vie ;
" How they vary their accents in vain,
" Repine at her triumphs, and die."

V.

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet ;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
" O Phyllis," he whispers, " more fair,
" More sweet than the jessamin's flower !
" What are pinks, in a morn, to compare ?
" What is eglantine, after a shower ?

VI.

" Then the lily no longer is white ;
" Then the rose is deprived of its bloom ;
" Then the violets die with despute,
" And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer ;
—Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

VII.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy despise ;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart,
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue :
—Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. *DISAPPOINTMENT.*

I.

YE shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep :
They have nothing to do, but to stray ;
I have nothing to do, but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove ;
She was fair—and my passion begun ;
She smiled—and I could not but love ;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

II.

Perhaps I was void of all thought ;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah ! love every hope can inspire ;
It banishes wisdom the while !
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

III.

She is faithless, and I am undone !
Ye that witness the woes I endure,

Let reason instruct you to shun

What it cannot instruct you to cure :

Beware how ye loiter in vain,

Amid nymphs of an higher degree :

It is not for me to explain

How fair, and how fickle they be.

IV.

Alas ! from the day that we met,

What hope of an end to my woes !

When I cannot endure to forget

The glance that undid my repose.

Yet time may diminish the pain :

The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,

In time may have comfort for me.

V.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,

The sound of a murmuring stream,

The peace which from solitude flows,

Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.

High transports are shown to the sight,

But we are not to find them our own ;

Fate never bestow'd such delight,

As I with my Phyllis had known.

VI.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace ;

To your deepest recesses I fly ;

I would hide with the beasts of the chase ;

I would vanish from every eye.

Yet my reed shall resound through the grove,

With the same sad complaint it begun ;

How she smiled, and I could not but love ;

Was faithless, and I am undone !

AN ODE.

BY JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound
On this our earthly globe is found ;
In Reason's ear, they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine,
" The hand that made us is divine."

A NIGHT PIECE ON DEATH.

BY DR. THOMAS PARNELL.

BY the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er ;
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point, at best, the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dies the sky !
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie ;
While through their ranks, in silver pride,
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire :
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread,
Above the venerable dead,
“ Time was, like thee they life possess'd,
“ And time shall be that thou shalt rest.”

Those graves, with bending osiers bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose
Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chissel's slender help to fame,
(Which, ere our set of friends decay,
Their frequent steps may wear away)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These (all the poor remains of state)
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who, though on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha ! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades !
All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
“ Think, mortal, what it is to die.”

Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel house with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin ;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones :

When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a king of fears am I !
'They view me like the last of things,
'They make, and then they dread, my stings.
Fools ! if you less provoked your fears,
No more my spectre form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God ;
A port of calms, a state of ease,
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep-pendent cypress, mourning poles ;
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hereses, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that as they tread,
Nod o'er the scutcheons of the dead ?

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul these forms of woe ;
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun :
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body placed,
A few, and evil years they waste :
But when their cares are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing and tower away ;
And mingle with the blaze of day.

A HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

BY DR. THOMAS PARNELL.

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind !
Sweet delight of human kind !
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favorites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know !
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head ?
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease ?

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold inshrined.
The bold adventurer plows his way,
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love ; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought ; but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground :

Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its form below ;
'The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear ;
'This world itself, if thou art here.
Is once again with Eden bless'd,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more perceived
'The branches whisper as they waved ;
It seem'd as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of the Grace ;
When thus she spoke—Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow :
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh ! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
'With sense of gratitude and joy ;
Raised as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer.
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleased and bless'd with God alone ;
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colors of delight ;

While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear and court my song,
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, Great Source of Nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The field, whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go, search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

AN ALLEGORY ON MAN.

BY DR. THOMAS PARNELL.

A THOUGHTFUL being, long and spare,
Our race of mortals call him Care,
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the gods have call'd him too;)

With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And loved to work, though no one bought.
This being, by a model bred
In Jove's eternal sable head,
Contrived a shape empower'd to breathe,
And be the worldling here beneath.

The man rose staring, like a stake,
Wondering to see himself awake !
Then look'd so wise, before he knew
The business he was made to do ;
That, pleased to see with what a grace
He gravely show'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-something of the sky.

But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a poet's god,
(For which his curls ambrosial shake,
And mother Earth's obliged to quake)
He saw old mother Earth arise ;
She stood confess'd before his eyes ;
But not with what we read she wore,
A castle for a crown before,
Nor with long streets and longer roads
Dangling behind her like commodes :
As yet with wreaths alone she dress'd,
And trail'd a landscape-painted vest.
'Then thrice she raised, as Ovid said,
And thrice she bow'd her weighty head.

Her honors made, Great Jove, she cried,
'This thing was fashion'd from my side :
His hands, his heart, his head, are mine ;
Then what hast thou to call him thine ?

Nay, rather ask, the monarch said,
What boots his hand, his heart, his head ?
Were what I gave removed away,
Thy part's an idle shape of clay.

Halves, more than halves ! cried honest Care,
Your pleas would make your titles fair ;
You claim the body, you the soul ;
But I who join'd them, claim the whole.

Thus with the gods debate began,
On such a trivial cause as Man.
And can celestial tempers rage
(Quoth Virgil) in a latter age ?

As thus they wrangled, Time came by ;
(There's none that paint him such as I ;
For what the fabling ancients sung
Makes Saturn old when Time was young ;)
As yet his winters had not shed
Their silver honors on his head ;
He just had got his pinions free
From his old sire, Eternity.

A serpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth before ;
By which our almanacs are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A staff he carried, where on high
A glass was fix'd to measure by,
As amber boxes made a show
For heads of canes an age ago.
His vest, for day and night, was pied ;
A bending sickle arm'd his side ;
And spring's new month his train adorn ;
The other seasons were unborn.

Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.

O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where since his hours a dial made ;
Then, leaning, heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounced the words of fate :

Since body from the parent Earth,
And soul from Jove received a birth,
Return they where they first began ;
But since their union makes the man,
Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
To Care, who join'd them, man is due.

He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year ;
Where ever since the seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.

'Tis well, said Jove ; and, for consent,
Thundering, he shook the firmament.
Our umpire, Time, shall have his way ;
With Care I let the creature stay :
Let business vex him, avarice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion speak,
And want afflict, and sickness break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy distract, and sorrow kill ;
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long destructive blow ;
And wasted man, whose quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find by this decree,
The soul flies sooner back to me.

THE GARLAND.

BY MATTHEW PRIOR.

THE pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet, and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsafed to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers, less blooming than her face,
The scent, less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day;
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undress'd at evening, when she found
Their odors lost, their colors past;
She changed her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropp'd sense, distinct and clear,
As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When, from its lids, a pearly tear
Stole trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, said I, explain
This change of humor : prythee tell :
That falling tear—what does it mean ?

She sigh'd ; she smiled : and to the flowers
 Pointing, the lovely moralist said,
 See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
 See yonder, what a change is made.

Ah me ! the blooming pride of May,
 And that of beauty, are but one ;
 At morn, both flourish bright and gay ;
 Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

At dawn, poor Stella danced and sung ;
 The amorous youth around her bow'd ;
 At night her fatal knell was rung :
 I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

Such as she is, who died to-day,
 Such I, alas, may be to-morrow.
 Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
 The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.

his

A DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

I.

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing spring.

II.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove :

But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

III.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew :
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew !

IV.

The redbreast, oft at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid :
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

V.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell :
Or, 'midst the chase of every plain,
The tender thoughts on thee shall dwell.

VI.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed :
Beloved, till life could charm no more ;
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

I.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave!

II.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love, through life, the soothing shade.

III.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

IV.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

V.

And oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
And, 'mid the varied landscape, weep.

VI.

But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears which love and pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

VII.

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

VIII.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

IX.

And see, the fairy valleys fade;
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

X.

The genial meads assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

XI.

Long, long thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes;
Q! vales and wild woods, shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

TO-MORROW.

BY DR. COTTON.

Pereunt et Imputantur.

TO-MORROW, didst thou say ?
 Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.
 Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow !
 'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury
 Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
 And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises,
 The currency of idiots—Injurious bankrupt,
 That gulls the easy creditor !—To-morrow !
 It is a period no where to be found
 In all the hoary registers of Time,
 Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.
 Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
 With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
 'Tis fancy's child, and folly is its father ;
 Wrought of such stuff as dreams are ; and baseless
 As the fantastic visions of the evening.

But soft, my friend—arrest the present moments ;
 For be assured, they all are arrant tell-tales ;
 And though their flight be silent, and their path
 Trackless, as the wing'd couriers of the air,
 They post to heaven, and there record thy folly.
 Because, though station'd on th' important watch,
 Thou, like a sleeping, faithless centinel,
 Didst let them pass unnoticed, unimproved.
 And know, for that thou slumber'dst on the guard,
 Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar

For every fugitive : and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hoodwink'd Justice, who shall tell thy audit ?

Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio ;
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms ! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.
Oh ! let it not elude thy grasp, but like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast, until he bless thee.

THE BENEDICTE PARAPHRASED.

BY THE REV. MR. MERRICK.

I.

YE works of God, on him alone,
In earth his footstool, heaven his throne,
Be all your praise bestow'd ;
Whose hand the beauteous fabric made,
Whose eye the finish'd work survey'd,
And saw that all was good.

II.

Ye angels, that with loud acclaim
Admiring view'd the new-born frame.
And hail'd th' Eternal King ;
Again proclaim your Maker's praise,
Again your thankful voices raise,
And touch the tuneful string.

III.

Praise him, ye blest ethereal plains,
Where, in full majesty, he deigns
To fix his awful throne :
Ye waters, that above him roll,
From orb to orb, from pole to pole,
Oh ! make his praises known !

IV.

Ye thrones, dominions, virtues, powers,
Join ye your joyful song with ours,
With us your voices raise ;
From age to age extend the lay,
To heaven's eternal Monarch pay
Hymns of eternal praise.

V.

Celestial orb !—whose powerful ray
Opes the glad eyelids of the day,
Whose influence all things own ;
Praise him, whose courts effulgent shine
With light, as far excelling thine,
As thine the paler moon.

VI.

Ye glittering planets of the sky,
Whose lamps the absent sun supply,
With him the song pursue ;
And let himself submissive own,
He borrows from the brighter Sun
The light he lends to you.

VII.

Ye showers and dews, whose moisture shed,
Calls into life the opening seed,
To him your praises yield ;

Whose influence wakes the genial birth,
Drops fatness on the pregnant earth,
And crowns the laughing field.

VIII.

Ye winds, that oft tempestuous sweep
The ruffled surface of the deep,
With us confess your God ;
See, through the heavens, the King of kings,
Up-borne on your expanded wings,
Comes flying all abroad.

IX.

Ye floods of fire, where'er ye flow,
With just submission humbly bow
To his superior power ;
Who stops his tempest on its way,
Or bids the flaming deluge stray,
And gives it strength to roar.

X.

Ye summer's heat, and winter's cold,
By turns in long succession roll'd,
The drooping world to cheer ;
Praise him, who gave the sun and moon,
To lead the various seasons on,
And guide the circling year.

XI.

Ye frosts, that bind the watery plain,
Ye silent showers of fleecy rain,
Pursue the heavenly theme ;
Praise him, who sheds the driven snow,
Forbids the harden'd waves to flow,
And stops the rapid stream.

XII.

Ye days and nights, that swiftly borne
From morn to eve, from eve to morn,
Alternate glide away ;
Praise him, whose never varying light,
Absent, adds horror to the night,
But present, gives the day.

XIII.

Light—from whose rays all beauty springs :
Darkness—whose wide expanded wings
Involve the dusky globe ;
Praise him, who, when the heavens he spread,
Darkness his thick pavilion made,
And light his regal robe.

XIV.

Praise him, ye lightnings, as ye fly,
Wing'd with his vengeance through the sky ;
And red with wrath divine ;
Praise him, ye clouds, that wandering stray,
Or, fix'd by him in close array,
Surround his awful shrine.

XXV.

Exalt, O earth ! thy heavenly King,
Who bids the plants, that form the spring,
With annual verdure bloom ;
Whose frequent drops of kindly rain,
Prolific swell the ripening grain,
And bless thy fertile womb.

XVI.

Ye mountains, that ambitious rise,
And heave your summits to the skies,
Revere his awful nod ;

Think how ye once affrighted fled,
When Jordan sought his fountain head,
And own'd th' approaching God.

XVII.

Ye trees, that fill the rural scene,
Ye flowers, that o'er th' enamell'd green,
In native beauty reign,
O! praise the ruler of the skies,
Whose hand the genial sap supplies,
And clothes the smiling plain.

XVIII.

Ye secret springs, ye gentle rills,
That murmuring rise among the hills,
Or fill the humble vale;
Praise him, at whose almighty nod
The rugged rock dissolving flow'd,
And form'd a springing well.

XIX.

Praise him, ye floods, and seas profound,
Whose waves the spacious earth surround,
And roll from shore to shore;
Awed by his voice, ye seas, subside,
Ye floods, within your channels glide,
And tremble and adore.

XX.

Ye whales, that stir the boiling deep,
Or in its dark recesses sleep,
Remote from human eye;
Praise him, by whom ye all are fed,
Praise him, without whose heavenly aid,
Ye languish, faint, and die.

XXI.

Ye birds, exalt your Maker's name,
Begin, and with th' important theme
Your artless lays improve ;
Wake with your songs the rising day,
Let music sound on every spray,
And fill the vocal grove.

XXII.

Praise him, ye beasts, that nightly roam
Amid the solitary gloom,
Th' expected prey to seize ;
Ye slaves of the laborious plow,
Your stubborn necks submissive bow,
And bend your wearied knees.

XXIII.

Ye sons of men, his praise display,
Who stamp'd his image on your clay,
And gave it power to move ;
Ye, that in Judah's confines dwell,
From age to age successive tell
The wonders of his love.

XXIV.

Let Levi's tribe the lay prolong,
'Till angels listen to the song,
And bend attentive down ;
Let wonder seize the heavenly train,
Pleased, while they hear a mortal strain,
So sweet, so like their own.

XXV.

And you, your thankful voices join,
That oft, at Salem's sacred shrine,
Before his altars kneel ;

Where, throned in majesty he dwells,
And from the mystic cloud reveals
The dictates of his will.

XXVI.

Ye spirits of the just and good,
That, eager for the blest abode,
To heavenly mansions soar ;
O ! let your songs his praise display,
Till heaven itself shall melt away,
And time shall be no more.

XXVII.

Praise him, ye meek and humble train,
Ye saints, whom his decrees ordain
The boundless bliss to share ;
O ! praise him, till ye take your way
To regions of eternal day,
And reign for ever there.

XXVIII.

Let us, who now impassive stand,
Awed by the tyrant's stern command,
Amid the fiery blaze ;
While thus we triumph in the flame,
Rise, and our Maker's love proclaim,
In hymns of endless praise.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

BY JOHN PHILLIPS.

“ ————— Sing, heavenly Muse !
 “ Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme ;”
 A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,
 In silken or in leathern purse, retains
 A Splendid Shilling; he nor hears with pain
 New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale ;
 But, with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
 To Juniper's Magpye, or Town-hall,* repairs :
 Where, mindful of the nymph whose wanton eye
 Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
 Chloe, or Phyllis, in each circling glass
 Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
 Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
 Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
 But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
 And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
 With scanty offals and small acid tiff
 (Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain :
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home
 In garret vile, and with a warming puff
 Regale chill'd fingers ; or from tube as black
 As winter chimney, or well polish'd jet,
 Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent :

* *Two Ale-houses.*

Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton, (versed in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of famed Cestrian cheese,
High overshadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil !
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a dun,
Horrible monster ! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel ascends :
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls ; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do ? or whither turn ? Amazed,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole ; straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear ; a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell !)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech ;
So horrible he seems ! His faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admired by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode ; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscribed,
Grievous to mortal eyes : (ye gods, avert

Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him stalks
Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
Erst have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious, (as whilom knights were won
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk, beware;
Be circumspect; oft, with insidious ken,
The caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook, or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies; she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
'Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue!
'The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,

Useless resistance make ; with eager strides,
She towering flies to her expected spoils ;
Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
This world envelope, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines and crackling blaze of wood ;
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights ; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind ; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow tree.
Meanwhile I labor with eternal drought,
And restless wish and rave ; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose :
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain ; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay ;
Afflictions great ! yet greater still remain :

My galligaskins, that have long withstood
 The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
 By time subdued (what will not time subdue !)
 An horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
 Wide, discontinuous ; at which the winds
 Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
 Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves.
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
 Portending agues. Thus a well fraught ship
 Long sail'd secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
 Or the Ionian, till cruising near
 The Lilybean shore, with hideous crash,
 On Scylla, or Charybdis, (dangerous rocks !)
 She strikes rebounding ; whence the shatter'd oak,
 So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the sea ; in at the gaping side
 The crowding waves rush with impetuous rage,
 Resistless, overwhelming ; horrors seize
 The mariners ; death in their eyes appears ;
 They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray ;
 (Vain efforts !) still the battering waves rush in
 Implacable, till, deluged by the foam,
 The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.



MADNESS, AN ODE.

BY MR. PENROSE.



SWELL the clarion, sweep the string,
 Blow into rage the Muse's fires !
 All thy answers, Echo, bring,

Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,
'Tis Madness' self inspires.
Hail, awful Madness, hail :
Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,
Far as the voyager spreads his venturous sail.
Nor best nor wisest are exempt from thee ;
Folly—Folly's only free.

Hark !—to th' astonish'd ear
'The gale conveys a strange tumultuous sound ;
They now approach, they now appear—
Frenzy leads her chorus near,
And demons dance around.—
Pride—Ambition idly vain,
Revenge, and Malice, swell her train—
Devotion warp'd—Affection cross'd—
Hope in Disappointment lost—
And injured Merit with a downcast eye,
(Hurt by Neglect) slow stalking heedless by.

Loud the shouts of Madness rise,
Various voices, various cries—
Mirth unmeaning—causeless moans,
Bursts of laughter—heart-felt groans—
All seem to pierce the skies.

Rough as the wintry wave that roars
On Thule's desert shores,
Wild raving to th' unfeeling air,
The fetter'd maniac foams along,
(Rage the burthen of his jarring song)
In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his streaming hair.
No pleasing memory left—forgotten quite
All former scenes of dear delight,
Connubial love—parental joy—

No sympathies like these his soul employ,
—But all is dark within, all furious black despair.

Not so the love-lorn maid,
By too much tenderness betray'd :
Her gentle breast no angry passion fires,
But slighted vows possess, and fainting soft desires.

She yet retains her wonted flame—

All—but in reason, still the same—

Streaming eyes,

Incessant sighs,

Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,
Point out to Pity's tears the poor distracted fair.
Dead to the world—her fondest wishes cross'd,
She mourns herself thus early lost.

Now sadly gay, of sorrows past she sings,
Now, pensive ruminates unutterable things.

She starts—she flies—who dare so rude

On her sequester'd steps intrude ?—

'Tis he, the Momus of the flighty train—

Merry mischief fills his brain.

Blanket robed, and antic crown'd,

The mimic monarch skips around ;

Big with conceit of dignity he smiles,

And plots his frolics quaint, and unsuspected wiles.

Laughter was there—but mark that groan,

Drawn from the inmost soul !

“ Give the knife, demons, or the poison'd bowl,

“ To finish miseries equal to your own.”

Who is this wretch, with horror wild ?

—'Tis Devotion's ruin'd child—

Sunk in the emphasis of grief,

Nor can he feel, nor dares he ask, relief.

Thou, fair Religion, wast design'd,
Duteous daughter of the skies,
'To warm and cheer the human mind,
'To make men happy, good, and wise.
To point where sits, in love array'd,
Attentive to each suppliant call,
'The God of universal aid,
'The God, the Father of us all.

First shown by thee, thus glow'd the gracious scene,
Till Superstition, fiend of woe,
Bade doubts to rise, and tears to flow,
And spread deep shades our view and heaven between.
Drawn by her pencil, the Creator stands,
(His beams of mercy thrown aside)
With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
And hurling vengeance wide.
Hope, at the frown aghast, yet lingering, flies,
And dash'd on Terror's rocks Faith's best dependence
lies.

But ah! too thick they crowd, too close they throng,
Objects of pity and affright!—
Spare farther the descriptive song—
Nature shudders at the sight—
Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,
But o'er the hapless group low drop Compassion's veil.

ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

BY DR. OGILVIE.

HAIL, queen of thought sublime! propitious power,
Who o'er th' unbounded waste art joy'd to roam,

Led by the moon, when, at the midnight hour,
Her pale rays tremble through the dusky gloom.

O bear me, goddess, to thy peaceful seat !

Whether to Hecla's cloud-wrapp'd brow convey'd,
Or lodged where mountains screen thy deep retreat,
Or wandering wild through Chili's boundless shade.

Say, rove thy steps o'er Lybia's naked waste ?

Or seek some distant solitary shore ?

Or on the Andes' topmost mountain placed,

Dost sit, and hear the solemn thunder roar ?

Fix'd on some hanging rock's projected brow,

Hear'st thou low murmurs from the distant dome ?

Or stray thy feet where pale dejected Woe

Pours her long wail from some lamented tomb ?

Hark ! yon deep echo strikes the trembling ear !

See, night's dun curtain wraps the darksome pole !

O'er heaven's blue arch yon rolling worlds appear,

And rouse to solemn thought th' aspiring soul.

O lead my steps, beneath the moon's dim ray,

Where 'Tadmor stands all desert and alone !

While, from her time-shook towers, the bird of prey

Sounds through the night her long-resounding moan.

Or bear me far to yon dark dismal plain,

Where fell-eyed tigers, all athirst for blood,

Howl to the desert ; while the horrid train

Roams o'er the wild where once great Babel stood !

That queen of nations ! whose superior call

Roused the broad East, and bid her arms destroy !

When warm'd to mirth, let judgment mark her fall,

And deep reflection dash the lip of joy.

Short is ambition's gay deceitful dream ;
Though wreaths of blooming laurel bind her brow,
Calm thought dispels the visionary scheme,
And time's cold breath dissolves the withering bough.

Slow as some miner saps th' aspiring tower,
When working secret with destructive aim ;
Unseen, unheard, thus moves the stealing hour,
But works the fall of empire, pomp, and name.

Then let thy pencil mark the traits of man ;
Full in the draught be keen-eyed Hope portray'd :
Let fluttering Cupids crowd the growing plan :
Then give one touch and dash it deep with shade.

Beneath the plume that flames with glancing rays,
Be Care's deep engine on the soul impress'd ;
Beneath the helmet's keen refulgent blaze,
Let Grief sit pining in the canker'd breast.

Let Love's gay sons, a smiling train, appear,
With beauty pierced—yet heedless of the dart :
While closely couched, pale sickening Envy near
Whets her fell sting, and points it at the heart.

Perch'd like a raven on some blasted yew,
Let Guilt revolve the thought-distracting sin ;
Scared—while her eyes survey th' ethereal blue,
Let Heaven's strong lightning burst the dark within.

Then paint, impending o'er the maddening deep,
That rock, where heart-struck Sappho, vainly brave,
Stood firm of soul ; then from the dizzy steep
Impetuous sprung, and dash'd the boiling wave.

Here, wrapp'd in studious thought, let Fancy rove,
Still prompt to mark Suspicion's secret snare ;

To see where Anguish nips the bloom of Love,
Or trace proud Grandeur to the domes of Care.

Should e'er Ambition's towering hopes inflame,
Let judging Reason draw the veil aside ;
Or, fired with envy at some mighty name,
Read o'er the monument that tells—He died.

What are the ensigns of imperial sway ?
What all that Fortune's liberal hand has brought ?
Teach they the voice to pour a sweeter lay ?
Or rouse the soul to more exalted thought ?

When bleeds the heart as Genius blooms unknown ?
When melts the eye o'er Virtue's mournful bier ?
Not Wealth, but Pity, swells the bursting groan,
Not Power, but whispering Nature, prompts the tear.

Say, gentle mourner, in yon mouldy vault,
Where the worm fattens on some scepter'd brow,
Beneath that roof with sculptured marble fraught,
Why sleeps unmoved the breathless dust below ?

Sleeps it more sweetly than the simple swain,
Beneath some mossy turf that rests his head ?
Where the lone widow tells the night her pain,
And eve, with dewy tears, embalms the dead.

The lily, screen'd from every ruder gale,
Courts not the cultured spot where roses spring :
But blows neglected in the peaceful vale,
And scents the zephyr's balmy breathing wing.

The busts of grandeur, and the pomp of power,
Can these bid Sorrow's gushing tears subside ?
Can these avail in that tremendous hour,
When Death's cold hand congeals the purple tide ?

Ah no ! the mighty names are heard no more :

Pride's thought sublime, and Beauty's kindling bloom,
Serve but to sport one flying moment o'er,
And swell, with pompous verse, the scutcheon'd tomb.

For me—may Passion ne'er my soul invade,
Nor be the whims of towering Frenzy given ;
Let Wealth ne'er court me from the peaceful shade,
Where Contemplation wings the soul to Heaven !

O guard me safe from Joy's enticing snare !
With each extreme that Pleasure tries to hide,
'The poison'd breath of slow-consuming Care,
The noise of Folly, and the dreams of Pride.

But oft, when midnight's sadly solemn knell
Sounds long and distant from the sky-topp'd tower,
Calm let me sit in Prosper's lonely cell,*
Or walk with Milton through the dark obscure.

Thus, when the transient dream of life is fled,
May some sad friend recall the former years,
Then stretch'd in silence o'er my dusty bed,
Pour the warm gush of sympathetic tears !

OF TASTE.

AN ESSAY.

BY MR. CAWTHORN.

WELL—though our passions riot, fret, and rave,
Wild and capricious as the wind and wave,

* See *Shakspeare's Tempest*.

One common folly, say whate'er we can,
Has fix'd, at last, the mercury of man ;
And rules, as sacred as his father's creed,
O'er every native of the Thames and Tweed.

Ask ye what power it is that dares to claim
So vast an empire, and so wide a fame ?
What God unshrined in all the ages past ?
I'll tell you, friend ! in one short word—'tis Taste ;
Taste, that, without or head, or ear, or heart,
One gift of nature, or one grace of art,
Ennobles riches, sanctifies expense,
And takes the place of spirit, worth and sense.
In elder times, ere yet our fathers knew
Rome's idle arts, or panted for Virtu,
Or sat whole nights Italian songs to hear,
Without a genius, and without an ear ;
Exalted sense, to warmer climes unknown,
And manly wit was Nature's, and our own.
But when our virtues, wrapp'd by wealth and peace,
Began to slumber in the lap of ease—
When Charles return'd to his paternal reign,
With more than fifty tailors in his train,
We felt for Taste—for then obliging France
Taught the rough Briton how to dress, and dance ;
Politely told him all were brutes, and fools,
But the gay coxcombs of her happier schools ;
That all perfection in her language lay,
And the best author was her own Rabelais.
Hence, by some strange malignity of fate,
We take our fashions from the land we hate ;
Still slaves to her, howe'er her taste inclines,
We wear her ribbands, and we drink her wines ;

Eat as she eats, no matter which or what,
A roasted lobster, or a roasted cat ;
And fill our houses with an hungry train
Of more than half the scoundrels of the Seine.

Time was, a wealthy Englishman would join
A rich plumb pudding to a fat sirloin ;
Or bake a pasty, whose enormous wall
Took up almost the area of his hall :
But now, as art improves and air refines,
The demon Taste attends him when he dines :
Serves on his board an elegant regale,
Where three stew'd mushrooms flank a larded quail :
Where infant turkeys, half a month resign'd
To the soft breathings of a southern wind,
And, smother'd in a rich ragout of snails,
Outstink a lenten supper at Versailles.
Is there a saint that would not laugh to see
The good man piddling with his fricasee ?
Forced by the luxury of Taste to drain
A flask of poison, which he calls champagne !
While he, poor idiot, though he dare not speak,
Pines all the while for porter, and ox-cheek.

Sure 'tis enough to starve for pomp and show,
To drink, and curse the clarets of Bordeaux :
Yet such our humor, such our skill to hit
Excess of folly through excess of wit,
We plant the garden, and we build the seat,
Just as absurdly as we drink and eat.
For is there aught that Nature's hand has sown
To bloom and ripen in their hottest zone ?
Is there a shrub which, ere its verdures blow,
Asks all the suns that beam upon the Po ?

Is there a floweret whose vermilion hue
Can only catch its beauty in Peru?
Is there a portal, colonnade, or dome,
The pride of Naples or the boast of Rome?
We raise it here, in storms of wind and hail,
On the bleak bosom of a sunless vale;
Careless alike of climate, soil, and place,
The cast of nature, and the smiles of grace.

Hence all our stucco'd walls, Mosaic floors,
Palladian windows, and Venetian doors;
Our Gothic fronts, whose Attic wings unfold
Fluted pilasters tipp'd with leaves of gold;
Our massy ceilings, graced with gay festoons,
The weeping marbles of our damp saloons,
Lawns fringed with citrons, amaranthine bowers,
Expiring myrtles, and unopening flowers.
Hence the good Scotsman bids th' anana blow
In rocks of crystal, or in Alps of snow;
On Orcus' steep extends his wide arcade,
And kills his scanty sunshine in a shade.

One might expect a sanctity of style
August and manly in an holy pile,
And think an architect extremely odd
To build a play-house for the church of God;
Yet half our churches, such the mode that reigns,
Are Roman theatres, or Grecian fanes;
Where broad arch'd windows to the eye convey
The keen diffusion of too strong a day;
Where, in the luxury of wanton pride,
Corinthian columns languish side by side,
Closed by an altar exquisitely fine,
Loose and lascivious as a Cyprian shrine.

Of late, 'tis true, quite sick of Rome and Greece,
We fetch our models from the wise Chinese :
European artists are too cool and chaste,
For Mandarin only is the man of taste ;
Whose bolder genius, fondly wild to see
His grove a forest, and his pond a sea,
Breaks out—and, whimsically great, designs
Without the shackles or of rules or lines.
Form'd on his plans, our farms and seats begin
To match the boasted villas of Pekin.
On every hill a spire-crown'd temple swells,
Hung round with serpents, and a fringe of bells :
Junks and balloons along our waters sail,
With each a gilded cock-boat at its tail ;
Our choice exotics to the breeze exhale
Within th' enclosure of a zig-zag rail ;
In Tartar huts our cows and horses lie,
Our hogs are fatted in an Indian sty ;
On every shelf a Joss divinely stares,
Nymphs laid on chintzes sprawl upon our chairs ;
While o'er our cabinets Confucius nods,
Midst porcelain elephants, and China gods.

Peace to all such—but you whose chaster fires
True greatness kindles, and true sense inspires,
Or ere you lay a stone, or plant a shade,
Bend the proud arch, or roll the broad cascade,
Ere all your wealth in mean profusion waste,
Examine nature with the eye of Taste ;
Mark where she spreads the lawn, or pours the rill,
Falls in the vale, or breaks upon the hill,
Plan as she plans, and where her genius calls,
There sink your grottos, and there raise your walls.

Without this, Taste, beneath whose magic wand
 Truth and correctness guide the artist's hand,
 Woods, lakes, and palaces, are idle things,
 The shame of nations and the blush of kings.
 Expense and Vanbrugh, vanity and show,
 May build a Blenheim, but not make a Stowe.

But what is Taste, you ask, this heaven-born fire
 We all pretend to, and we all admire?
 Is it a casual grace? or lucky hit?
 Or the cool efforts of reflecting wit?
 Has it no law but mere disguised will?
 No just criterion fixed to good and ill?
 It has—true Taste, when delicately fine,
 Is the pure sunshine of a soul divine,
 'The full perfection of each mental power—
 'Tis sense, 'tis nature, and 'tis something more.
 Twin-born with Genius of one common bed,
 One parent bore them, and one master bred.
 It gives the lyre with happier sounds to flow,
 With purer blushes bids fair beauty glow;
 From Raphael's pencil calls a nobler line,
 And warms, Corregio! every touch of thine.
 And yet, though sprung from one paternal flame,
 Genius and Taste are different as their name:
 Genius, all sunbeam, where he throws a smile,
 Impregnates nature faster than the Nile;
 Wild and impetuous, high as heaven aspires,
 All science animates, all virtue fires;
 Creates ideal worlds, and there convenes
 Aerial forms, and visionary scenes.
 But Taste corrects, by one ethereal touch,
 What seems too little, and what seems too much:

Marks the fine point where each consenting part
Slides into beauty with the ease of art;
This bids to rise, and that with grace to fall,
And bounds, unites, refines, and heightens all.

THE BIRTH AND EDUCATION OF GENIUS.

A TALE.

BY MR. CAWTHORN.

YES, Harriet! say whate'er you can.
'Tis education makes the man:
Whate'er of genius we inherit,
Exalted sense, and lively spirit,
Must all be disciplined by rules,
And take their color from the schools.

'Twas nature gave that cheek to glow,
That breast to rise in hills of snow,
Those sweetly-temper'd eyes to shine
Above the sapphires of the mine.
But all your more majestic charms,
Where grace presides, where spirit warms;
That shape which falls by just degrees,
And flows into the pomp of ease;
That step, whose motion seems to swim,
That melting harmony of limb,
Were form'd by Glover's skilful glance,
At Chelsea, when you learn'd to dance.

'Tis so with man.—His talents rest
Misshapen embryos in his breast;

Till education's eye explores
The sleeping intellectual powers,
Awakes the dawn of wit and sense,
And lights them into excellence.
On this depends the patriot flame,
The fine ingenuous feel of fame,
The manly spirit, brave and bold,
Superior to the taint of gold,
The dread of infamy, the zeal
Of honor, and the public weal,
And all those virtues which presage
The glories of a rising age.
But, leaving all these graver things
To statesmen, moralists, and kings,
Whose business 'tis such points to settle—
Ring—and bid Robin bring the kettle.
Meanwhile the Muse, whose sportive strain
Flows like her voluntary vein,
And impudently dares aspire
To share the wreath with Swift and Prior,
Shall tell an allegoric tale,
Where truth lies hid beneath the veil.

One April morn, as Phœbus play'd
His carols in the Delphic shade,
A nymph call'd Fancy, blithe and free,
The favorite child of Liberty,
Heard, as she roved about the plain,
The bold enthusiastic strain;
She heard, and led by warm desire,
To know the artist of the lyre,
Crept softly to a sweet alcove,
Hid in the umbrage of the grove,
And, peeping through the myrtle, saw
A handsome, young, celestial beau,

On nature's sopha stretch'd along,
Awaking harmony and song.

Struck with his fine majestic mien,
As certain to be loved as seen,
Long ere the melting air was o'er,
She cried, in extacy, encore;
And, what a prude will think but odd,
Popp'd out, and courtesied to the god.
Phœbus, gallant, polite, and keen as
Each earth-born votary of Venus,
Rose up, and with a graceful air
Address'd the visionary fair;
Excused his morning dishabille,
Complain'd of late he had been ill,
In short, he gazed, he bow'd, he sigh'd,
He sung, he flatter'd, press'd, and lied,
With such a witchery of art,
'That Fancy gave him all her heart,
Her catechism quite forgot,
And waited on him to his grot.

In length of time she bore a son;
As brilliant as his sire the Sun.
Pure ether was the vital ray
That lighted up his finer clay;
The nymphs, the rosy-finger'd hours,
The dryads of the woods and bowers,
The graces with their loosen'd zones,
The muses with their harps and crowns,
Young zephyrs of the softest wing,
'The loves that wait upon the spring,
Wit, with his gay associate, Mirth,
Attended at the infant's birth,

And said, let GENIUS be his name,
And his the fairest wreath of fame.
The gossips gone, the christening o'er,
And Genius now 'twixt three and four,
Phœbus, according to the rule,
Resolved to send his son to school :
And, knowing well the tricks of youth,
Resign'd him to the matron Truth,
Whose hut, unknown to pride and pelf, was
Near his own oracle at Delphos.
The reverend dame, who found the child
A little mischievous and wild,
Taught him at first to spell and read,
To say his prayers, and get his creed—
Would often tell him of the sky,
And what a crime it is to lie.
She chid him when he did amiss,
When well, she bless'd him with a kiss ;
Her sister Temperance, sage and quiet,
Presided at his meals and diet :
She watch'd him with religious care,
And fed him with the simplest fare ;
Would never let the urchin eat
Of pickled pork, or butcher's meat ;
But what of aliment earth yields,
In gardens, orchards, woods, and fields ;
Whate'er of vegetable wealth
Was cultured by the hand of health,
She cropp'd and dress'd it, as she knew well,
In many a mess of soup and gruel ;
And now and then, to cheer his heart,
Indulged him with a Sunday's tart.

A lusty peasant chanced to dwell

His name was Labor.—Ere the dawn
Had broke upon the upland lawn,
He hied him to his daily toil,
To turn the glebe or mend the soil.
With him young Genius oft would go
O'er dreary wastes of ice and snow,
With rapture climb the cloud-topp'd hill,
Or wade across the shallow rill;
Or through th' entangling wood pursue
The footsteps of a straggling ewe.
By these fatigues he got at length
Robustness, and athletic strength,
Spirits as light as flies the gale
Along the lily-silver'd vale
The cherub Health, of dimple sleek,
Sat radiant on his rosy cheek,
And gave each nerve's elastic spring
The vigor of an eaglet's wing.

Time now had roll'd, with smooth career,
Our hero through his seventh year.
Though in a rustic cottage bred,
The busy imp had thought and read;
He knew th' adventures, one by one,
Of Robin Hood and Little John;
Could sing, with spirit, warmth, and grace,
The woful hunt of Chevy Chase;
And how St. George, his fiery nag on,
Destroy'd the vast Egyptian dragon.
Chief he admired that learned piece
Wrote by the fabulist of Greece,
Where wisdom speaks in crows and cocks,
And cunning sneaks into a fox.
In short, as now his opening parts,
Ripe for the culture of the arts,

Became in every hour acuter,
Apollo look'd out for a tutor ;
But had a world of pains to find
This artist of the human mind.
For, in good truth, full many an ass was
Among the doctors of Parnassus,
Who scarce had skill enough to teach
Old Lilly's elements of speech ;
And knew as much of men and morals
As doctor Rock of ores and corals.
At length, with much of thought and care,
He found a master for his heir ;
A learned man, adroit to speak
Pure Latin, and your Attic Greek ;
Well known in all the courts of fame,
And Criticism was his name.

Beneath a tutor keen and fine as
Or Aristotle, or Longinus,
Beneath a lynx's eye, that saw
The slightest literary flaw,
Young Genius trod the path of knowledge,
And grew the wonder of the college.
Old authors were his bosom friends—
He had them at his fingers' ends—
Became an accurate imitator
Of truth, propriety, and nature ;
Display'd in every just remark
The strong sagacity of Clark ;
And pointed out the false and true
With all the sun-beams of Bossu.

But though this critic-sage refined
His pupil's intellectual mind,

And gave him all that keen discerning
Which marks the character of learning :
Yet, as he read with much of glee
The trifles of antiquity ;
And, Bently-like, would write epistles
About the origin of whistles ;
The scholar took his master's trim,
And grew identically him ;
Employ'd a world of pains to teach us
What nation first invented breeches ;
Asserted that the Roman socks
Were broider'd with a pair of clocks ;
That Capua served up with her victuals
An olio of Venafran pickles ;
That Sisygambis dress'd in blue,
And wore her tresses in a queue.
In short, he knew what Paulus Jovius,
Salmasius, Grævius, and Gronovius,
Have said in fifty folio volumes,
Printed by Elzevir in columns.

Apollo saw, with pride and joy,
The vast improvement of his boy ;
But yet had more than slight suspicion,
That all this load of erudition
Might overlay his parts at once,
And turn him out a letter'd dunce.
He saw the lad had fill'd his sense
With things of little consequence ;
That though he read, with application,
The wits of every age and nation,
And could, with nice precision, reach
The boldest metaphors of speech ;
Yet warp'd too much, in truth's defiance,
From real to fictitious science,

He was, with all his pride and parts,
A mere mechanic in the arts,
That measures with a rule and line
What nature meant for great and fine.

Phœbus, who saw it right and wise was
To counteract this fatal bias,
Took home his son with mighty haste,
And sent him to the school of Taste.
This school was built by wealth and peace,
Some ages since, in elder Greece,
Just when the Stagyrte had writ
His lectures on the powers of wit.
Here, flush'd in all the bloom of youth,
Sat beauty in the shrine of truth.
Here, all the finer arts were seen,
Assembled round their virgin queen.
Here, sculpture, on a bolder plan,
Ennobled marble into man.
Here, music, with a soul on fire,
Impassion'd, breathed along the lyre;
And here, the painter-muse display'd
Diviner forms of light and shade.

But, such the fate, as Hesiod sings,
Of all our sublunary things,
When now the Turk, with sword and halters,
Had drove Religion from her altars,
And deluged, with a sea of blood,
The academic dome and wood;
Affrighted Taste, with wings unfurl'd,
Took refuge in the western world;
And settled on the Tuscan main,
With all the muses in his train.

In this calm scene, where Taste withdrew,
And Science trimm'd her lamp anew;
Young Genius ranged in every part
The visionary worlds of art,
And from their finish'd forms refined
His own congenial warmth of mind,
And learn'd, with happy skill, to trace
The magic powers of ease and grace.
His style grew delicately fine,
His numbers flow'd along his line,
His periods many, full, and strong,
Had all the harmony of song.
Whene'er his images betray'd
Too strong a light, too weak a shade,
Or in the graceful and the grand
Confess'd inelegance of hand,
His noble master, who could spy
The slightest fault with half an eye,
Set right, by one ethereal touch,
What seem'd too little or too much;
Till every attitude and air
Arose supremely full and fair.

Genius was now, among his betters,
Distinguish'd as a man of letters.
There wanted still, to make him please,
The splendor of address and ease,
The soul-enchanting mien and air,
Such as we see in Grosvenor-Square,
When Lady Charlotte speaks and moves,
Attended by a swarm of loves.

Genius had got, to say the truth,
A manuer awkward and uncouth;

Sure fate of all who love to dwell
In wisdom's solitary cell :
So much a clown in gait and laugh,
He wanted but a scrip and staff;
And such a beard as hung in candles
Down to Diogenes's sandals,
And planted all his chin quite thick,
To be like him a dirty cynic.

Apollo, who, to do him right,
Was always perfectly polite,
Chagrin'd to see his son and heir
Dishonor'd by his gape and stare,
Resolved to send him to Versailles,
To learn a minuet of Marseilles :
But Venus, who had deeper reading
In all the mysteries of breeding,
Observed to Phœbus, that the name
Of fop and Frenchman was the same.
French manners, were, she said, a thing which
Those grave misguided fools, the English,
Had, in despite of common sense,
Mistook for manly excellence ;
By which their nation strangely sunk is,
And half their nobles turned to monkies.
She thought it better, as the case was,
To send young Genius to the graces :
Those sweet divinities, she said,
Would form him in the myrtle shade ;
And teach him more, in half an hour,
Than Lewis or his Pompadour.

Phœbus agreed—the graces took
Their noble pupil from his book,

Allow'd him at their side to rove
Along their own domestic grove,
Amidst the sound of melting lyres,
Soft-wreathing smiles, and young desires :
And when confined by winds or showers
Within their amaranthine bowers,
'They taught him with address and skill
To shine at ombre and quadrille ;
Or let him read an ode or play,
To wing the gloomy hour away.

Genius was charm'd—divinely placed
'Midst beauty, wit, politeness, taste ;
And, having every hour before him
The finest models of decorum,
His manners took a fairer ply ;
Expression kindled in his eye ;
His gesture, disengaged, and clean,
Set off a fine majestic mein ;
And gave his happy power to please
The noblest elegance of ease.

Thus, by the discipline of art,
Genius shone out in head and heart.
Form'd from his first fair bloom of youth,
By Temperance and her sister Truth,
He knew the scientific page
Of every clime and every age ;
And learn'd with critic-skill to rein
The wildness of his native vein ;
That critic-skill, though cool and chaste,
Refined beneath the eye of Taste ;
His unforbidding mien and air,
His awkward gait, his haughty stare,

And every stain that wit debases,
Were melted off among the graces ;
And Genius rose, in form and mind,
The first, the greatest of mankind.

NOBILITY.

A MORAL ESSAY.

BY MR. CAWTHORN.

'TIS said that ere fair virtue learn'd to sigh,
The crest to libel, and the star to lie,
The poet glow'd with all his sacred fire,
And bade each virtue live along the lyre :
Led humble science to the blest abode,
And raised the hero till he shone a god.

Our modern bards, by some unhappy fate,
Condemn'd to flatter every fool of state,
Have oft, regardless of their heaven-born flame,
Enthroned proud greatness in the shrine of fame ;
Bestow'd on vice the wreaths that virtue wove,
And paid to Nero what was due to Jove.

Yet hear, ye great ! whom birth and titles crown
With alien worth, and glories not your own ;
Hear me affirm, that all the vain can show,
All Anstis boasts of, and all kings bestow,
All envy wishes, all ambition hails,
All that supports St. James's, and Versailles,

Can never give distinction to a knave,
Or make a lord whom vice has made a slave.

In elder times, ere heralds yet enroll'd
The bleeding ruby in a field of gold,
Or infant language pain'd the tender ear
With sess, bend, argent, chev'ron, and saltier ;
'Twas he alone the bay's bright verdure wore,
Whose strength subdued the lion or the boar ;
Whose art from rocks could call the mellowing grain,
And give the vine to laugh along the plain ;
Or, tracing nature in her moral plan,
Explored the savage till he found the man.
For him the rustic hind, and village maid,
Stripp'd the gay spring of half its bloom and shade ;
With annual dances graced the daisy-mead,
And sung his triumphs on the oaten reed ;
Or, fond to think him sprung from yonder sky,
Rear'd the turf fane, and bade the victim die.
In Turkey, sacred as the Koran's page,
These simple manners live through every age :
The humblest swain, if virtue warms the man,
May rise the genius of the grave Divan ;
And all but Othman's race, the only proud,
Fall with their sires, and mingle with the crowd.

For three campaigns Kaprouli's hand display'd
The Turkish crescent on thy walls, Belgrade !
Imperial Egypt own'd him for her lord,
And Austria trembled if he touch'd the sword :
Yet all his glories set within his grave,
One son a janizary, one a slave.
Politer courts, ingenious to extend
The father's glories, bid his pomp descend ;

With strange good nature give his worthless son
The very laurels that his virtue won ;
And with the same appellatives adorn
A living hero, and a sot unborn.

Hence, without blushing, (say whate'er we can)
We more regard th' escutcheon than the man ;
Yet, true to nature and her instincts, prize
The hound or spaniel as his talent lies :
Careless from what paternal blood he rose,
We value Bowman only for his nose.

Say, should you see a generous steed outfly
The swiftest zephyr of th' autumnal sky,
Would you at once his ardent wishes kill,
Give him the dogs, or chain him to a mill,
Because his humbler fathers, grave and slow,
Clean'd half the jakes of Houndsditch or Soho ?

In spite of all that in his grandsire shone,
An horse's worth is, like a king's, his own.
If in the race, when lengthening shouts inspire
His bold compeers, and set their hearts on fire,
He seems regardless of th' exulting sound,
And scarcely drags his legs along the ground ;
What will 't avail that, sprung from heavenly seed,
His great forefathers swept th' Arabian mead ;
Or, dress'd in half an empire's purple, bore
The weight of Xerxes on the Caspian shore ?

I grant, my lord ! your ancestors outshine
All that e'er graced the Ganges, or the Rhine ;
Born to protect, to rouse those godlike fires
That genius kindles, or fair fame inspires ;
O'er humble life to spread indulgent ease,
To give the veins to flow without disease ;

From proud oppression injured worth to screen,
And shake alike the senate and the scene.

And see, to save them from the wrecks of age,
Exulting science fills her every page,
Fame grasps her trump, the epic Muse attends,
The lyre re-echoes and the song ascends,
The sculptor's chissel with the pencil vies,
Rocks leap, and animated marbles rise :
All arts, all powers, the virtuous chiefs adorn,
And spread their pomps to ages yet unborn.

All this we own—but if, amidst the shine,
Th' enormous blaze that beams along the line,
Some scoundrel peer, regardless of his sires,
Pursues each folly, and each vice admires ;
Shall we enrol his prostituted name
In honor's zenith, and the lists of fame ?

Exalted titles, like a beacon, rise
To tell the wretched where protection lies.
He then who hears unmoved affliction's cry,
His birth's a phantom, and his name's a lie.

Th' Egyptians thus, on Cairo's sacred plain,
Saw half their marbles move into a fane ;
The glorious work unnumber'd artists ply,
Now turn the dome, now lift it to the sky :
But when they enter'd the sublime abode,
They found a serpent where they hoped a god.

Anstis observes, that when a thousand years
Roll through a race of princes, or of peers,
Obliging virtue sheds her every beam
From son to son, and waits upon the stream.

Yet say, ye great ! who boast another's scars,
And think your lineage ends but in the stars,
What is this boon of Heaven ? Dependent still
On woman's weakness, and on woman's will ;
Dare ye affirm that no exotic blood
Has stain'd your glories ever since the Flood ?
Might not some brawny slave, from Afric fled,
Stamp his base image in the nuptial bed ?
Might not, in Pagan days, your mothers prove
The fire of Phœbus, and the strength of Jove ?
Or, more politely to their vows untrue,
Love, and elope, as modern ladies do ?

But, grant that all your gentle grandames shone
Clear, and unsullied as the noon-day sun ;
'Though Nature form'd them of her chastest mold,
Say, was their birth illustrious as their gold ?
Full many a lord, we know, has chose to range
Among the wealthy beauties of the 'Change ;
Or sigh'd, still humbler, to the midnight gale
For some fair peasant of th' Arcadian vale.
'Then blame us not, if backward to adore
A name polluted by a slave or whore ;
Since, spite of patents, and of kings' decrees,
And blooming coronets on parchment trees,
Some alien stain may darken all the line,
And Norfolk's blood descend as mean as mine.

You boast, my lord ! a race with laurels crown'd,
By senates honor'd, and in wars renown'd ;
Show then the martial sound to danger bred,
When Poictiers thunder'd, and when Cressy bled ;
Show us those deeds, those heaven-directed fires,
That ages past saw beaming on your sires,

That freeborn pride no tyrant durst enslave,
That godlike zeal that only lived to save.

Dare you, though faction bawl through all her tribe,
Though monarchs threaten, and though statesmen bribe,
Feel for mankind, and gallantly approve
All virtue teaches, and all angels love ?
Know you the tear that flows o'er worth distress'd,
The joy that rises when a people's blest ?
Then, if you please, immortalize your line,
With all that's great, heroic, and divine ;
Explore with curious eye th' historic page,
The rolls of fame, the monuments of age ;
Adopt each chief immortal Homer sings,
All Greece's heroes, and all Asia's kings :
If earth's too scanty, search the blest abode,
And make your first progenitor a god :
We grant your claim, whate'er you wish to prove,
The son of Priam, or the son of Jove.

Statesmen and patriots thus to glory rise,
The self-born sun that gilds them never dies :
While he ennobled by those gewgaw things,
The pride of patents, and the breath of kings,
Glares the pale meteor of a little hour,
Fed by court sunshine, and poetic shower ;
Then sinks at once, unpitied and unblest'd,
A nation's scandal, and a nation's jest.

Nobility had something in her blood,
When to be great was only to be good :
Sublime she sat in virtue's sacred fane,
With all the sister graces in her train.
She still exists, 'tis true, in Grosvenor-Square,
And leads a life, a kind of—as it were—

And see ! self-shelter'd from the world's alarms,
The dying goddess sleeps in Fortune's arms ;
From luxury attends her soft retreats,
The modest Frazi warbles while she eats ;
Arabia's sweets distil at every pore,
Her flatterers soothe her, and her slaves adore ;
Indulged by all our senates to forget
Those worst of plagues, a promise and a debt.

Not but there are, amidst the titled crew,
Unknown to all but Collins, and the stew,
Men who improve their heaven-descended fires,
Rise on their blood, and beam upon their sires ;
Men who, like diamonds from Golconda's mine,
Call from themselves the ray that makes them shine

Pleased let me view a Cecil's soul array'd
With all that Plato gather'd in the shade ;
Reflect how nobly Radnor can descend
To lose his title in the name of friend ;
At Dorset look, and bid Hibernia own
Her viceroy form'd to sit upon a throne ;
Admire how innocence can lend to truth
Each grace of virtue, and each charm of youth,
And then enraptured bend the suppliant knee
To Heaven's high throne, O Rockingham ! for thee.

Let then vain fools their proud escutcheons view,
Allied to half the Incas of Peru ;
With every vice those lineal glories stain
That rose in Pharamond, or Charlemagne ;
But ye, dear youths ! whom chance of genius calls
To court pale wisdom in these hallow'd walls,
Scorn ye to hang upon a blasted name,
Another's virtue, and another's fame :

In two short precepts all your business lies—
Would you be great?—BE VIRTUOUS, AND BE WISE.

ODE TO HEALTH.

BY MR. DUNCOMBE.

Non est vivere, sed valere vita.

HEALTH! to thee thy votary owes
All the blessings life bestows,
All the sweets the summer yields,
Melodious woods, and clover'd fields;
By thee he tastes the calm delights
Of studious days and peaceful nights:
By thee his eye each scene with rapture views;
The Muse shall sing thy gifts, for they inspire the Muse.

Does increase of wealth impart
Transports to a bounteous heart?
Does the sire with smiles survey
His prattling children round him play?
Does love with mutual blushes streak
The swain's and virgin's artless cheek?
From HEALTH these blushes, smiles and transports
flow;
Wealth, children, love itself, to Health their relish owe.

Nymph, with thee, at early morn,
Let me brush the waving corn;
And, at noontide's sultry hour,
O bear me to the woodbine bower!

When evening lights her glow-worm, lead
 To yonder dew-enamell'd mead ;
 And let me range at night those glimmering groves,
 Where stillness ever sleeps, and Contemplation roves.

This my tributary lay
 Grateful at thy shrine I pay,
 Who, for seven whole years, hast shed
 Thy balmy blessings o'er my head ;
 O ! let me still enamor'd view
 Those fragrant lips of rosy hue,
 Nor think there needs th' allay of sharp disease,
 To quicken thy repast, and give it power to please.

Now, by swiftest zephyrs drawn,
 Urge thy chariot o'er the lawn ;
 In yon gloomy grotto laid,
 PALEMON asks thy kindly aid ;
 If goodness can that aid engage,
 O hover round the virtuous sage :
 Nor let one sigh for his own suffering rise ;
 Each human suffering fills his sympathizing eyes.

Venus from Æneas' side
 With successful efforts tried
 To extract th' envenom'd dart
 That baffled wise Iapis' art,
 If thus, HYGEIA, thou couldst prove
 Propitious to the queen of love,
 Now on thy favor'd HEBERDEN bestow
 Thy choicest healing powers, for Pallas asks them now

What, though banish'd from the fight,
 To the hero's troubled sight
 Ranks on ranks tumultuous rose
 Of flying friends and conquering foes :

He only panted to obtain
A laurel wreath for thousands slain ;
On nobler views intent, the sage's mind
Pants to delight, instruct, and humanize mankind.

THE HAMLET.

Written in Whichwood Forest.

BY T. WARTON.

THE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguiled
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild ;
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care, and guilty gain !

When morning's twilight-tinctured beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew ;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.

'Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear :
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue :
In their lone haunts and woodland rounds
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds ;
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay.
Each native charm their steps explore
Of solitude's sequester'd store.

For them the moon, with cloudless ray,
Mounts, to illume their homeward way :
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows incense breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share :
But when the curfew's measured roar
Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,
Has echoed from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primrosed coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay ;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine ;
Or hasten from the sultry hill
To loiter at the shady rill ;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honied flowers
The curling woodbine's shade embowers :
From the trim garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound ;
Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime :
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar,
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

ODE TO EVENING.

BY DR. J. WARTON.

HAIL, meek-eyed maiden, clad in sober gray,
Whose soft approach the weary woodman loves ;
As homeward bent, to kiss his prattling babes,
Jocund, he whistles through the twilight groves.

When Phœbus sinks behind the gilded hills,
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk,
The drooping daisies bathe in dulcet dews,
And nurse the nodding violet's tender stalk.

The panting Dryads, that, in day's fierce heat,
To inmost bowers and cooling caverns ran,
Return to trip in wanton evening dance ;
Old Sylvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repair,
Light skims the swallow o'er the watery scene ;
And from the sheepcote and fresh-furrow'd field,
Stout plowmen meet to wrestle on the green.

The swain that artless sings on yonder rock,
His supping sheep and lengthening shadow spies,
Pleased with the cool, the calm refreshing hour,
And with hoarse humming of unnumber'd flies.

Now every passion sleeps : desponding Love,
And pining Envy, ever restless Pride ;
And holy Calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
Anger and mad Ambition's storms subside.

O modest Evening ! oft let me appear
A wandering votary in thy pensive train ;
Listening to every wildly warbling note
That fills with farewell sweet thy darkening plain.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

AN ODE.

BY MR. WHITEHEAD.

ONCE, I remember well the day,
'Twas ere the blooming sweets of May
Had lost their freshest hues,
When every flower, on every hill,
In every vale, had drank its fill
Of sunshine and of dews.

In short, 'twas that sweet season's prime,
When Spring gives up the reins of time
To Summer's glowing hand,
And doubting mortals hardly know
By whose command the breezes blow
Which fan the smiling land.

'Twas then, beside a green-wood shade,
Which clothed a lawn's aspiring head,
I urged my devious way,
With loitering steps, regardless where,
So soft, so genial was the air,
So wondrous bright the day.

And now my eyes with transport rove
O'er all the blue expanse above,
Unbroken by a cloud!
And now beneath delighted pass
Where, winding through the deep green grass,
A full-brimm'd river flow'd.

I stop, I gaze; in accents rude,
To thee, serenest Solitude,
Burst forth th' unbidden lay;
"Begone, vile world, the learn'd, the wise,
"The great, the busy, I despise,
"And pity ev'n the gay.

"These, these are joys alone, I cry;
"'Tis here, divine Philosophy,
"Thou deign'st to fix thy throne!
"Here Contemplation points the road
"Through Nature's charms to Nature's God!
"These, these are joys alone!

"Adieu, ye vain low-thoughted cares,
"Ye human hopes, and human fears,
"Ye pleasures, and ye pains!"

While thus I spake, o'er all my soul
A philosophic calmness stole,
A stoic stillness reigns.

The tyrant passions all subside;
Fear, anger, pity, shame, and pride,
No more my bosom move;
Yet still I felt, or seem'd to feel,
A kind of visionary zeal
Of universal love.

When lo ! a voice, a voice I hear !

'Twas Reason whisper'd in my ear

These monitory strains :

“ What mean'st thou, man ? wouldst thou unbind

“ The ties which constitute thy kind,

“ The pleasures and the pains ?

“ The same Almighty Power unseen,

“ Who spreads the gay or solemn scene

“ To Contemplation's eye,

“ Fix'd every movement of the soul,

“ Taught every wish its destined goal,

“ And quicken'd every joy.

“ He bids the tyrant passions rage,

“ He bids them war eternal wage,

“ And combat each his foe :

“ Till from dissensions concords rise,

“ And beauties from deformities,

“ And happiness from woe.

“ Art thou not man, and darest thou find

“ A bliss which leans not to mankind ?

“ Presumptuous thought and vain !

“ Each bliss unshared is unenjoy'd,

“ Each power is weak, unless employ'd

“ Some social good to gain.

“ Shall light, and shade, and warmth, and air,

“ With those exalted joys compare

“ Which active virtue feels !

“ When on she drags, as lawful prize,

“ Contempt, and Indolence, and Vice,

“ At her triumphant wheels !

“ As rest to labor still succeeds
“ To man, whilst Virtue’s glorious deeds
“ Employ his toilsome day ;
“ This fair variety of things
“ Are merely life’s refreshing springs,
“ To soothe him on his way.

“ Enthusiast go, unstring thy lyre,
“ In vain thou sing’st, if none admire,
“ How sweet soe’er the strain.
“ And is not thy o’erflowing mind,
“ Unless thou mixest with thy kind,
“ Benevolent in vain ?

“ Enthusiast go, try every sense,
“ If not thy bliss, thy excellence,
“ Thou yet hast learn’d to scan ;
“ At least thy wants, thy weakness know,
“ And see them all uniting show
“ That man was made for man.”



THE HERMIT.

A BALLAD.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.



“ TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
“ And guide my lonely way,
“ To where yon taper cheers the vale,
“ With hospitable ray.

“ For here, forlorn and lost, I tread,
“ With fainting steps and slow ;
“ Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
“ Seem lengthening as I go.”

“ Forbear, my son,” the hermit cries,
“ To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
“ For yonder phantom only flies
“ To lure thee to thy doom.

“ Here, to the houseless child of want,
“ My door is open still ;
“ And though my portion is but scant,
“ I give it with good will.

“ Then turn to-night, and freely share
“ Whate’er my cell bestows ;
“ My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
“ My blessing and repose.

“ No flocks that range the valley free
“ To slaughter I condemn :
“ Taught by that Power that pities me,
“ I learn to pity them.

“ But, from the mountain’s grassy side,
“ A guiltless feast I bring ;
“ A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
“ And water from the spring.

“ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
“ For earth-born cares are wrong ;
“ Man wants but little here below,
“ Nor wants that little long.”

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell :

The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay :
A refuge to the neighboring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath his humble thatch
Required a master's care ;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To revels or to rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd, and smiled ;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries ;
The cricket chirrup on the hearth ;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answering cares oppress'd :
“ And whence, unhappy youth ! ” he cried,
“ The sorrows of thy breast ?

“ From better habitations spurn’d,

“ Reluctant dost thou rove ?

“ Or grieve for friendship unreturn’d,

“ Or unregarded love ?

“ Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,

“ Are trifling, and decay ;

“ And those who prize the paltry things,

“ More trifling still than they.

“ And what is friendship but a name,

“ A charm that lulls to sleep :

“ A shade that follows wealth or fame,

“ But leaves the wretch to weep ?

“ And love is still an emptier sound,

“ The modern fair one’s jest ;

“ On earth unseen, or only found

“ To warm the turtle’s nest.

“ For shame, fond youth ; thy sorrows hush,

“ And spurn the sex,” he said ;

But while he spoke, a rising blush

His love-lorn guest betray’d.

Surprized ! he sees new beauties rise,

Swift mantling to the view ;

Like colors o’er the morning skies,

As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,

Alternate spread alarms ;

The lovely stranger stands confess’d

A maid in all her charms.

“ And, ah ! forgive a stranger rude,

“ A wretch forlorn,” she cried :

Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
" Where heaven and you reside.

But let a maid thy pity share,
" Whom love has taught to stray ;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
" Companion of her way.

My father lived beside the Tyne,
" A wealthy lord was he ;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
" He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms,
" Unnumber'd suitors came ;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
" And felt or feign'd a flame.

Each hour the mercenary crowd,
" With richest presents strove ;
Among the rest, young Edwin bow'd,
" But never talk'd of love.

In humble, simplest habit clad,
" No wealth nor power had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
" But these were all to me.

The blossom opening to the day,
" The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display,
" To emulate his mind.

The dew, the blossom on the tree,
" With charms inconstant shine ;
Their charms were his, but, woe is me,
" Their constancy was mine.

- “ For still I tried each fickle art,
“ Importunate and vain :
“ And while his passion touch’d my heart,
“ I triumph’d in his pain.
“ Till quite dejected with my scorn,
“ He left me to my pride ;
“ And sought a solitude forlorn,
“ In secret where he died.
“ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
“ And well my life shall pay ;
“ I’ll seek the solitude he sought,
“ And stretch me where he lay.
“ And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I’ll lay me down and die ;
“ ’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
“ And so for him will I.”
“ Forbid it, Heaven !” the hermit cried,
And clasp’d her to his breast :
The wondering fair one turn’d to chide ;
’Twas Edwin’s self that press’d.
“ Turn, Angelina. ever dear,
“ My charmer, turn to see
“ Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
“ Restored to love and thee.
“ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
“ And every care resign :
“ And shall we never, never part,
“ My life—my all that’s mine ?
“ No, never from this hour to part,
“ We’ll live and love so true,
“ The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
“ Shall break thy Edwin’s too.”

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

BY JAMES THOMSON.



HAIL, mildly pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and good :
But from whose holy piercing eye
The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh ! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.
Now, wrapp'd in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem ;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky.
A shepherd next you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain,
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face :
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Hartford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rivall'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born ;

And while meridian fervors beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat ;
But chief, when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage and swain ;
Plain innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head :
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine :
About thee sports sweet Liberty ;
And rapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell !
And in thy deep recesses dwell.
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise ;
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

THE COTTER'S⁽¹⁾ SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. A****, ESQ.

BY ROBERT BURNS.



“ Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 “ Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 “ Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 “ The short and simple annals of the poor.

GRAY.

I.

MY loved, my honor'd, much respected friend !
 No mercenary bard his homage pays ;
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise :
 *To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene ;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;
 What A**** in a cottage would have been ;
 Ah ! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I
 ween !

II.

November chill blows⁽²⁾ loud wi'⁽³⁾ angry sugh ;⁽⁴⁾
 The shortening winter-day is near a close ;
 The miry beasts retreating frae⁽⁵⁾ the plow :⁽⁶⁾
 The blackening trains o'⁽⁷⁾ craws⁽⁸⁾ to their repose ;
 The toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labor goes,
 This night his weekly moil⁽⁹⁾ is at an end,

(1) The inhabitant of a *cot-house* or cottage. (2) Blows.
 (3) With. (4) The continued rushing noise of wind or water.
 (5) From. (6) Plow. (7) Of. (8) Crows. (9) Labor.

Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,

Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward (1)
bend.

III.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,

Beneath the shelter of an aged tree :

Th' expectant *wee-things*, (2) todlin, (3) stacher (4)
through

To meet their dad, wi' flichterin (5) noise an' (6) glee.
His wee bit (7) ingle (8) blinkin (9) bonnily, (10)

His clean hearth-stane, (11) his thriftie *wife's* (12)
smile,

The lisping infant prattling on his knee,

Does a' (13) his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

IV.

Belyve (14) the elder bairns (15) come drapping (16) in,

At service out amang (17) the farmers roun' ; (18)

Some ca' (19) the plew, some herd, (20) some tentie (21)
rin (22)

A cannie (23) errand to a neebor (24) town :

Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman grown,

In youthfu' (25) bloom, love sparkling in her e'e, (26)
Comes hame, (27) perhaps to show a braw (28) new gown,

(1) Homeward. (2) Little ones. (3) Tottering.
(4) Stagger. (5) Fluttering. (6) And. (7) A small matter.
(8) A fire, or fire-place. (9) Smirking. (10) Beautifully.
(11) Hearth-stone. (12) An endearing term for *wife*.
(13) All. (14) By and by. (15) Children. (16) Dropping.
(17) Among. (18) Around, in the circle of the neighborhood.
(19) Drive. (20) To tend flocks. (21) Heedful, cautious.
(22) Run. (23) Gentle, mild, dexterous. (24) Neighbor.
(25) Youthful. (26) Eye. (27) Home. (28) Fine, handsome.

Or deposite her sair-won(1) penny fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

V.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare(2) kindly speirs:(3)
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos(4) that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The *mother*, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars(5) auld(6) claes(7) look amaist(8) as weel's(9)
the new;
The *father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their masters' an' their mistresses' command,
The youngkers a' are warned to obey;
An' mind their labors wi' an eydent(10) hand,
An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk(11) or play;
"An' O! be sure to fear the LORD alway!
"An' mind your *duty*, duly, morn an' night!
"Lest in temptation's paths ye gang(12) astray,
"Implore his counsel and assisting might;
"They never sought in vain, that sought the LORD
aright."

VII.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha(13) kens(14) the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam(15) o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.

(1) Service-won. (2) Welfare. (3) Inquires. (4) News.
(5) Makes. (6) Old. (7) Clothes. (8) Almost. (9) Well.
(10) Diligent. (11) To dally, to trifle. (12) To go, to walk.
(13) Who. (14) Knows. (15) Came.

The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in *Jenny's* e'e, and flush her cheek ;
 With heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
 While *Jenny* hafflins(1) is afraid to speak ;
 Weel pleased the mother hears, it's nae(2) wild, worth-
 less rake.

VIII.

Wi' kindly welcome *Jenny* brings him ben ;(3)
 A strappan(4) youth : he takes the mother's eye ;
 Blithe *Jenny* sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
 The father cracks(5) of horses, plews, and kye.(6)
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But, blate and laithfu',(7) scarce can weel behave ;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae(8) bashfu'(9) and sae grave ;
 Weel pleased to think her *bairn's* respected like the
 lave.(10)

IX.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !
 O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !
 I've paced much this weary, *mortal round*,
 And sage *Experience* bids me this declare—
 " If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 " One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 " 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 " In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 " Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening
 gale."

(1) Nearly half, partly. (2) No. (3) Into the *spence* or parlor.
 (4) Tall and handsome. (5) Converses. (6) Cows.
 (7) Bashful, sheepish. (8) So. (9) Bashful.
 (10) The rest, the remainder, the others.

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet *Jenny's* unsuspecting youth ?
 Curse on his perjured arts ! dissembling smooth !
 Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled ?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild !

XI.

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 'The healsome(1) *parritch*(2) chief o' *Scotia's* food ;
 'The soupe(3) their only *Hawkie*(4) does afford,
 'That 'yont(5) the hallan(6) snugly chows(7) her
 cood ;(8)
 'The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,
 'To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd(9) kebbuck,(10)
 fell,(11)
 An' aft(12) he's press'd, an' aft he ca's(13) it guid ;(14)
 'The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond(15) auld, sin'(16) lint(17) was
 i'(18) the bell.(19)

XII.

The cheerfu'(20) supper done, wi' serious face,
 They round the ingle form a circle wide ;

(1) Healthful, wholesome.

(2) Oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish.

(3) A spoonful, a small quantity of any thing liquid.

(4) A cow—*properly, one with a white face.* (5) Beyond.

(6) A particular partition wall in a cottage. (7) Chews.

(8) Cud. (9) Well-spared. (10) A cheese. (11) Keen, biting.

(12) Oft. (13) Calls. (14) Good. (15) Twelvemonth.

(16) Since. (17) Flax. (18) In. (19) Flower. (20) Cheerful.

The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big *ha'-Bible*, (1) ance (2) his father's pride:
 His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
 His lyart (3) haffets (4) wearing thin an' bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales (5) a portion with judicious care;
 And "*Let us worship God!*" he says, with solemn
 air.

XIII.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise:
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
 Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive *Martyr's*, worthy of the name;
 Or noble *Elgin* beats (6) the heaven-ward flame,
 The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays:
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
 The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
 Nae unison hae (7) they with our Creator's praise.

XIV.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How *Abram* was the *Friend of God* on high;
 Or, *Moses* bad (8) eternal warfare wage
 With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny;
 Or how the *royal bard* did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
 Or *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
 Or rapt *Isaiah's* wild, seraphic fire;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

(1) Hall-Bible. (2) Once. (3) Of a mixed color, gray.

(4) The temples, the sides of the head. (5) Chooses.

(6) Adds fuel to the fire. (7) Have. (8) Did bid.

XV.

Perhaps the *Christian Volume* is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How *He*, who bore in Heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :
 How his first followers and servants sped ;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
 How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
 And heard great *Babylon's* doom pronounced by Heav-
 en's command.

XVI.

Then, kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
 The *saint*, the *father*, and the *husband*, prays :
 Hope " springs exulting on triumphant wing,"*
 That *thus* they all shall meet in future days :
 There, ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their *Creator's* praise;
 In such society, yet still more dear ;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

XVII.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's every grace, except the *heart* !
 The *Power*, incensed, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But haply in some *cottage* far apart,
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul ;
 And in his *Book of Life* the inmates poor enrol.

* Pope's *Windsor Forest*.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their several way ;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
 The parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
 That *He* who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
 Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide ;
 But chiefly, in their hearts with *grace divine* preside.

XIX.

From scenes like these, old *Scotia's* grandeur springs,
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 " An honest man's the noblest work of God :"
 And *certes*, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
 The *cottage* leaves the *palace* far behind ;
 What is a lordling's pomp ? A cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

XX.

O *Scotia* ! my dear, my native soil !
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
 Be bless'd with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And, O ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
 Then, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
 A *virtuous populace* may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much loved *isle*.

XXI.

O *Thou* ! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd through *Wallace's* undaunted heart ;

Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 (The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
 O never, never *Scotia's* realm desert:
 But still the *patriot*, and the *patriot-bard*,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!



MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN:

A DIRGE.

BY ROBERT BURNS.



I.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One evening, as I wander'd forth
 Along the banks of *Ayr*,
 I spied a man, whose aged step
 Seem'd weary, worn with care;
 His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.

II.

Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?
 (Began the reverend sage;)
 Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful pleasure's rage?
 Or haply, press'd with cares and woes:
 Too soon thou hast begun

To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man.

III.

The sun that overhangs yon moor,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labor to support
A haughty lordling's pride ;
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return ;
And every time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

IV.

O man ! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time !
Mispending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime !
Alternate follies take the sway :
Licentious passions burn ;
Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

V.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might :
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right.
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, Oh ! ill-match'd pair !
Show man was made to mourn,

VI.

A few seem favorites of fate,
In pleasure's lap caress'd ;

Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, Oh ! what crowds in every land,
Are wretched and forlorn,
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

VII.

Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame !
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse and shame !
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn !

VIII.

See yonder poor, o'erlabor'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil ;
And see his lordly *fellow worm*
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

IX.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind ?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn ?

Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn ?

X.

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast;
'This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the *last* !
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn !

XI.

O Death ! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best !
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest !
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn ;
But, Oh ! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn !

WINTER :

A DIRGE.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

I.

THE wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw ;(1)

Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
 The blinding sleet and snaw;(1)
 While tumbling brown, the burn(2) comes down,
 And roars frae bank to brae;(3)
 And bird and beast in covert rest,
 And pass the heartless day.

II.

“The sweeping blast, the sky o’ercast*,”
 The joyless winter-day,
 Let others fear—to me more dear
 Than all the pride of May:
 The tempest’s howl, it soothes my soul,
 My griefs it seems to join;
 The leafless trees my fancy please,
 Their fate resembles mine!

III.

Thou *Power supreme*, whose mighty scheme
 These woes of mine fulfil,
 Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,
 Because they are *thy* will!
 Then all I want—(O, do thou grant
 This one request of mine!)
 Since to *enjoy* thou dost deny,
 Assist me to *rèsign*.

(1) Snow. (2) Water, a rivulet.

(3) A declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill.

*Dr. Young.

TO RUIN.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

I.

ALL hail, inexorable lord !
At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall !
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome, all !
With stern-resolved, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart ;
For one has cut my *dearest tie*,
And quivers in my heart.
Then lowering, and pouring,
The *storm* no more I dread ;
Though thickening and blackening,
Round my devoted head.

II.

And thou, grim power, by life abhorr'd,
While life a *pleasure* can afford,
Oh ! hear a wretch's prayer !
No more I shrink, appall'd, afraid ;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care !
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign life's *joyless* day ;
My weary heart its throbbings cease,
Cold mouldering in the clay ;

No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face,
Enclasped, and grasped
Within thy cold embrace!

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

I.

EDINA! *Scotia's* darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once, beneath a monarch's feet,
Sat legislation's sovereign powers!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flowers,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

II.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy trade his labor plies;
There architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendor rise;
Here justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks science in her coy abode.

III.

Thy sons, *Edina*, social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;

Their views enlarged, their liberal mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale :
Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
Or modest merit's silent claim :
And never may their sources fail !
And never envy blot their name !

IV.

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptured thrill of joy !
Fair B—— strikes th' adoring eye,
Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine ;
I see the *Sire of Love* on high,
And own his work indeed divine !

V.

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar ;
Like some bold veteran, gray in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar :
The ponderous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock ;
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

VI.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where *Scotia's* kings of other years,
Famed heroes, had their royal home :
Alas, how changed the times to come !
Their royal name low in the dust !
Their hapless race wild-wandering roam !
Though rigid law cries out, 'twas just !

VII.

Wild beats my heart, to trace your steps,
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
 Through hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
 Old *Scotia's* bloody lion bore ;
 Ev'n *I*, who sing in rustic lore,
 Haply, *my sires* have left their shed,
 And faced grim danger's loudest roar,
 Bold following where your fathers led !

VIII.

Edina ! Scotia's darling seat !
 All hail thy palaces and towers,
 Where once, beneath a monarch's feet,
 Sat legislation's sovereign powers !
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flowers,
 As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
 I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

 SONG.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Tune—*Roslin Castle*.

 I.

THE gloomy night is gathering fast,
 Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain ;

The hunter now has left the moor,
 The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
 While here I wander, press'd with care,
 Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

II.

The Autumn mourns her ripening corn
 By early Winter's ravage torn :
 Across her placid, azure sky,
 She sees the scowling tempest fly :
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
 I think upon the stormy wave,
 Where many a danger I must dare,
 Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

III.

'Tis not the surging billows' roar,
 'Tis not that fatal deadly shore ;
 Though death in every shape appear,
 The wretched have no more to fear :
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierced with many a wound ;
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

IV.

Farewel, old *Coila's* hills and dales,
 Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
 The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
 Farewel, my friends ! farewel, my foes !
 My peace with these, my love with those—
 The bursting tears my heart declare,
 Farewel, the bonnie banks of Ayr !

THE FAREWEL,

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE,
TARBOLTON.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

'Tune—*Good night, and joy be wi' you a'.*

I.

ADIEU ! a heart-warm, fond adieu !

Dear brothers of the *mystic tie* !

Ye favor'd, ye *enlighten'd* few,

Companions of my social joy !

Though I to foreign lands must hie,

Pursuing fortune's sliddery (1) ba', (2)

With melting heart, and brimful eye,

I'll mind you still, though far awa'. (3)

II.

Oft have I met your social band,

And spent the cheerful, festive night ;

Oft, honor'd with supreme command,

Presided o'er the *sons of light* ;

And by that *hieroglyphic* bright,

Which none but *craftsmen* ever saw !

Strong memory on my heart shall write

Those happy scenes when far awa'.

III.

May freedom, harmony, and love,

Unite you in the *grand design*,

(1) Slippery. (2) Ball. (3) Away.

Beneath th' omniscient eye above,
 The glorious *Architect* divine !
 That you may keep th' *unerring line*,
 Still rising by the *plummet's law*,
 Till *order* bright completely shine,
 Shall be my prayer when far awa'.

IV.

And *you* farewell ! whose merits claim,
 Justly, that *highest badge* to wear !
 Heaven bless your honor'd, noble name.
 To *masonry* and *Scotia* dear !
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One *round*, I ask it with a *tear*,
 To him, *the bard that's far awa'.*

WRITTEN IN FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,
 ON NITH-SIDE.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

'THOU whom chance may hither lead,
 Be thou clad in russet weed,
 Be thou deck'd in silken stole,
 Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
 Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;
 Hope not sunshine every hour,
 Fear not clouds will always lower.

As youth and love, with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair ;
Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
Then raptured sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale ?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale ?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait :
Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of evening close,
Beckoning thee to long repose ;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease.
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought ;
And teach the sportive youngers round,
Laws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, art thou high or low ?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?
Did many talents gild thy span ?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one ?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,

The smile or frown of awful Heaven,
 To virtue or to vice is given.
 Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
 There solid self-enjoyment lies ;
 That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
 Lead to be wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
 To the bed of lasting sleep ;
 Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
 Night, where dawn shall never break,
 Till future life, future no more,
 To light and joy the good restore,
 To light and joy unknown before.

}

Stranger, go ! Heaven be thy guide !
 Quod the Beadsman of Nith-side.



*On scaring some Water-Fowl in Loch-Turrit, a wild
 Scene among the Hills of Oughtertyre.*

BY ROBERT BURNS.



WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
 For me your watery haunt forsake ?
 Tell me, fellow creatures, why
 At my presence thus you fly ?
 Why disturb your social joys,
 Parent, filial, kindred ties ?—
 Common friend to you and me,
 Nature's gifts to all are free :

Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave ;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billows' shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below :
Plumes himself in freedom's pride,
'Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels.
But man, to whom alone is given
A ray direct from pitying Heaven,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasures slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wandering swains,
Where the mossy rivulet strays,
Far from human haunts and ways ;
All on nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his powers you scorn ;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs ;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

DESPONDENCY.

AN ODE.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

I.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I sit me down and sigh;
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Dim-backward as I cast my view,
What sickening scenes appear!
What sorrows *yet* may pierce me through,
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb!

II.

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard!
Ev'n when the wished *end's* denied,
Yet while the busy *means* are plied,
They bring their own reward:
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an *aim*,
Meet every sad returning night,
And joyless mourn the same.

You bustling, and justling,
Forget each grief and pain ;
I listless, yet restless,
Find every prospect vain.

III.

How blest the solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well !
Or haply, to his evening thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint-collected dream :
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to Heaven on high,
As wandering, meandering,
He views the solemn sky.

IV.

Than I, no lonely hermit placed
Where never human footstep traced,
Less fit to play the part ;
The lucky moment to improve,
And *just* to stop, and *just* to move,
With self-respecting art :
But ah ! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The *solitary* can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest !
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate !

ADDRESS

TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

*On crowning his Bust, at Ednam, Roxburghshire,
with Bays.*

BY ROBERT BURNS.

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Æolian strains between :

While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade :

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed :

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows :

So long, sweet poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won ;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that *Thomson* was her son.

*On seeing a wounded Hare limp by me, which a Fellow
had just shot at.*

BY ROBERT BURNS.

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barbarous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime, yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom press'd.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

ON MISS J. SCOTT, OF AYR.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

OH! had each SCOT of ancient times,
Been JEANY SCOTT, as thou art,
The bravest heart on English ground,
Had yielded like a coward.

THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

THE lawns were dry in Euston Park :

(Here truth inspires my tale)

The lonely foot-path, still and dark,

Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient damē,

And fearful haste she made

To gain the vale of Fakenham,

And hail its willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,

But follow'd faster still ;

And echo'd to the darksome copse,

That whisper'd on the hill.

Where clamorous rooks, yet scarcely hush'd,

Bespoke a peopled shade ;

And many a wing the foliage brush'd,

And hovering circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing deer,

That sought the shades by day,

Now started from her path with fear,

And gave the stranger way.

Darker it grew ; and darker fears

Came o'er her troubled mind ;

When now a short quick step she hears

Come patting close behind.

She turn'd ; it stopp'd—nought could she see
Upon the gloomy plain ;
But, as she strove the sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.

Now terror seized her quaking frame :
For, where the path was bare,
The trotting ghost kept on the same !
She mutter'd many a prayer.

Yet once again, amidst her fright,
She tried what sight could do ;
When, through the cheating glooms of night,
A MONSTER stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
It follow'd down the plain !
She own'd her sins, and down she knelt,
And said her prayers again.

Then on she sped ; and hope grew strong.
The white park gate in view ;
Which pushing hard, so long it swung
That *ghost* and all pass'd through.

Loud fell the gate against the post !
Her heart-strings like to crack :
For much she fear'd the grisly ghost
Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,
As it had done before ;
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surprised ;
Out came her daughter dear ;

Good-natured souls ! all unadvised
Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierced through the night,
Some short space o'er the green ;
And there the little trotting sprite
Distinctly might be seen.

An *ass's foal* had lost its dam
Within the spacious park ;
And, simple as the playful lamb,
Had follow'd in the dark.

No goblin he ; no imp of sin :
No crimes had ever known.
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And rear'd him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the cottage floor :
The matron learn'd to love the sound
That frighten'd her before.

A favorite the ghost became ;
And 'twas his fate to thrive :
And long he lived, and spread his fame,
And kept the joke alive.

For many a laugh went through the vase,
And some conviction too :—
Each thought some other goblin tale,
Perhaps, was just as true.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

ECLOGUE I.

SELIM; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

Scene, a Valley near Bagdat.—Time, the Morning.

“YE Persian maids, attend your Poet’s lays,
“ And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
“ Not all are blest whom Fortune’s hand sustains
“ With wealth in courts; nor all that haunt the plains:
“ Well may your hearts believe the truth I tell;
“ ’Tis virtue makes the bliss where’er we dwell.”

Thus Selim sung, by sacred truth inspired;
Nor praise, but such as truth bestow’d, desired:
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey’d
Informing morals to the shepherd maid;
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow—a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn resumed her orient pride;
When wanton gales along the valleys play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away;
By Tigris’ wandering waves he sat, and sung
‘This useful lesson for the fair and young.

“Ye Persian dames,” he said “to you belong—
“ Well may they please—the morals of my song:
“ No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
“ Graced with soft arts, the peopled world around!

“ The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
 “ Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes :
 “ For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow ;
 “ And yours the love that kings delight to know.
 “ Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
 “ The best kind blessings Heaven can grant the fair !
 “ Who trust alone in beauty’s feeble ray,
 “ Boast but the worth Balsora’s pearls display :
 “ Drawn from the deep, we own the surface bright ;
 “ But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light :
 “ Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
 “ By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
 “ Self-flattering sex ! your hearts believe in vain
 “ That love shall blind, when once he fires the swain ;
 “ Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
 “ As spots on ermine beautify the skin :
 “ Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
 “ Each softer virtue that adorns the fair ;
 “ Each tender passion man delights to find,
 “ The loved perfection of a female mind !

“ Blest were the days when Wisdom held her reign,
 “ And shepherds sought her on the silent plain !
 “ With Truth she wedded in the secret grove ;
 “ Immortal Truth ! and daughters bless’d their love.
 “ —O haste, fair maids ! ye Virtues, come away !
 “ Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way !
 “ The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
 “ By Ind excell’d, or Araby, no more.

“ Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
 “ The dear deserters shall return again.
 “ Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,
 “ To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear :

“ Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
 “ And shepherd girls shall own thee for their queen :
 “ With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
 “ Distrusting all ;—a wise, suspicious maid ;—
 “ But man the most :—not more the mountain doe
 “ Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
 “ Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew ;
 “ A silken veil conceals her from the view.
 “ No wild desires amidst thy train be known ;
 “ But Faith, whose heart is fix’d on one alone ;
 “ Desponding Meekness, with her downcast eyes,
 “ And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs ;
 “ And Love, the last : by these your hearts approve ;
 “ These are the virtues that must lead to love.”

Thus sung the swain ; and ancient legends say
 The maids of Bagdat verified the lay :
 Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along ;
 The shepherds loved ; and Selim bless’d his song.

ECLOGUE II.

HASSAN ; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

Scene, the Desert.—Time, Mid-Day.

IN silent horror, o’er the boundless waste,
 The driver Hassan with his camels pass’d :
 One cruse of water on his back he bore,
 And his light scrip contain’d a scanty store ;
 A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
 The sultry sun had gain’d the middle sky,
 And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh ;

The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue ;
 Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view !
 With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
 Thrice sigh'd ; thrice struck his breast ; and thus began
 " Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !

Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,
 The thirst, or pinching hunger, that I find !
 Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
 When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage ?
 Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign ,
 Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
 In all my griefs a more than equal share !
 Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
 Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
 In vain ye hope the green delights to know
 Which plains more blest, or verdant vales, bestow :
 Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands, are found,
 And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.

" Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 " When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !"

Cursed be the gold and silver, which persuade
 Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade !
 The lily Peace outshines the silver store,
 And life is dearer than the golden ore :
 Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
 To every distant mart and wealthy town.
 Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea ;
 And are we only yet repaid by thee ?
 Ah ! why was ruin so attractive made,
 Or why fond man so easily betray'd ?

Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of peace or pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride;
Why think we these less pleasing to behold
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
"When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

O cease my fears!—All frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe;
What if the lion, in his rage, I meet!
Oft, in the dust, I view his printed feet:
And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light,
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger roused he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train;
Before them Death, with shrieks, directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.

"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
"When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If ought of rest I find, upon my sleep;
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.

"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
"When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"

O hapless youth!—for she thy love hath won—
The tender Zara will be most undone!

Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
 When fast she dropp'd her tears, as thus she said :
 " Farewel the youth whom sighs could not detain ;
 " Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain !
 " Yet, as thou go'st, may every blast arise
 " Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs !
 " Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see,
 " No griefs endure ; nor weep, false youth, like me."
 —O let me safely to the fair return ;
 Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn ;
 O ! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
 Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears.

He said, and call'd on Heaven to bless the day
 When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

ABRA ; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

Scene, a Forest.—Time, the Evening.

IN Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are seen,
 In distant view, along the level green ;
 While evening dew enrich the glittering glade,
 And the tall forests cast a longer shade :
 What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
 Or scent the breathing maize at setting day ;
 Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
 Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
 Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain ;
 At morn she came, those willing flocks to lead,
 Where lilies rear them in the watery mead :

From early dawn, the live-long hours she told,
Till late, at silent eve, she penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
A various wreath of odorous flowers she made.
Gay motley'd pinks, and sweet jonquils she chose,
The violet blue, that on the moss-bank grows ;
All sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there :
The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanced that fated morn to stray,
By love conducted from the chase away :
Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
And sought the vales and echoing groves among.
At length he found and woo'd the rural maid ;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
“ Be every youth like royal Abbas moved,
“ And every Georgian maid like Abra loved !”

The royal lover bore her from the plain ;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain :
Oft as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid ! to other scenes remove :
To richer scenes of golden power and love !
Go, leave the simple pipe and shepherd's strain ;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign !
“ Be every youth like royal Abbas moved,
“ And every Georgian maid like Abra loved !”

Yet, midst the blaze of courts, she fixed her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove :
Still, with the shepherd's innocence, her mind
To the sweet vale and flowery mead inclined ;
And, oft as spring renew'd the plains with flowers,
Breathed his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,

With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
Her maids around her moved, a duteous band !
Each bore a crook, all rural, in her hand :
Some simple lay of flocks and herds they sung ;
With joy the mountain and the forest rung.

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas moved,
“ And every Georgian maid like Abra loved !”

And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of state, attendant on the fair ;
Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cot retired ;
Or sought the vale where first his heart was fired :
A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
And thought of crowns, and busy courts no more.

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas moved,
“ And every Georgian maid like Abra loved !”

Blest was the life that royal Abbas led :
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel ;
The simple shepherd girl can love as well.
Let those who rule on Persia's jewell'd throne
Be famed for love, and gentlest love alone ;
Or wreathe, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.

“ O happy days !” the maids around her say ;
“ O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away !

“ Be every youth like royal Abbas moved,
“ And every Georgian maid like Abra loved !”

ECLOGUE IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER; OR, THE FUGITIVES.

Scene, a Mountain in Circassia.—Time, Midnight.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclined,
Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind;
At that still hour when awful midnight reigns,
And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And pass'd in radiance through the cloudless sky;
Sad, o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led:
Fast as they press'd their flight, behind them lay
Wide ravaged plains, and valleys stole away:
Along the mountain's bending side they ran,
Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began.

SECANDER.

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey!
Trace our sad flight through all its length of way!
And first review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves already pass'd with pain!
You ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we tried!
And, last, this lofty mountain's weary side!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet, hapless, must thou know
The toils of flight, or some severer woe!
Still, as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind;
And shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind:

In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
 He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
 Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
 Drops its fair honors to the conquering flame :
 Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
 And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword ;
 In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord !
 In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
 To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid !
 Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
 Soft dreams of love and pleasure soothe his mind :
 Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,
 No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
 Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
 Sweet to the sight is Zebra's flowery plain,
 And once by maids and shepherds loved in vain !
 No more the virgins shall delight to rove
 By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove ;
 On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
 Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale ;
 Fair scenes ! but ah ! no more with peace possess'd,
 With ease alluring, and with plenty bless'd.
 No more the shepherd's whitening tents appear,
 Nor the kind products of a bounteous year ;
 No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd ;
 But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
 For ever famed for pure and happy loves :

In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
 Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair !
 Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send ;
 Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far
 Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war ;
 Some weightier arms than crooks and staffs prepare,
 To shield your harvest, and defend your fair :
 The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
 Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
 Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
 By lust incited, or by malice led,
 The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
 Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way ;
 Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
 To death inured, and nursed in scenes of woe.

He said ; when loud along the vale was heard
 A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd :
 Th' affrighted shepherds, through the dews of night,
 Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

*ODE ON THE PASSIONS.*BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young :
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell,

Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting :
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined :
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
'They snatch'd her instruments of sound ;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amidst the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd : his eyes on fire,
In lightnings, own'd his secret stings :
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair—
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled ;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air :
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure ?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still, through all the song ;

And, where her sweetest theme she chose ;
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden
hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose :

He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down ;
And, with a withering look,

The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe !

And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat ;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from
his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd ;
Sad proof of thy distressful state !
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd ;
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate ;

With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired ;
And, from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measures stole,
Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,

Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green :
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;
And Sport leap'd up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's extatic trial :
He, with viny crowns advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd ;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best :
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round :
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid !

Why, goddess ! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
As, in that loved Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard,
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art ?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age ;
Ev'n all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavors cease ;
Revive the just designs of Greece :
Return in all thy simple state !
Confirm the tales her sons relate !



ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.



O THOU, by nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong ;

Who first on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, or Pleasure's, nursed the powers of song !

Thou, who, with hermit heart,
Disdain'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and training pall ;
But comest, a decent maid,
In Attic robe array'd,
O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee I call !

By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore ;
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear ;
By her* whose love-lorn woe,
In evening musings slow,
Soothed sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear :

By old Cephissus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep,
In warbled wanderings, round thy green retriál ;
On whose enamell'd side,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allured thy future feet.

O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth,
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse !
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though Beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none esteem
But virtue's patriot theme,

* The nightingale, for which Sophocles seems to have entertained a peculiar fondness.

You loved her hills, and led her laureat band :
But staid to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne ;
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The passions own thy power ;
Love, only Love, her forceless numbers mean :
For thou hast left her shrine ;
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though taste, though genius bless
To some divine excess,
Faints the cold work till thou inspire the whole ;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our eye ;
Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul !

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task ;
I only seek to find thy temperate vale ;
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

THE MANSION OF REST.

BY THE RT. HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

I TALK'D to my flattering heart,
And chid its wild wandering ways ;

I charged it from folly to part,
And to husband the rest of its days :
I bade it no longer admire
The meteors which fancy had dress'd ;
I whisper'd 'twas time to retire,
And seek for a Mansion of Rest.

A charmer was listening the while,
Who caught up the tone of my lay ;
" O come then," she cried, with a smile,
" And I'll show you the place and the way :"
I follow'd the witch to her home,
And vow'd to be always her guest :
" Never more," I exclaim'd, " will I roam
" In search of the Mansion of Rest."

But the sweetest of moments will fly,
Not long was my fancy beguiled ;
For too soon I confess'd, with a sigh,
That the syren deceived while she smiled.
Deep, deep, did she stab the repose
Of my trusting and unwary breast,
And the door of each avenue close,
That led to the Mansion of Rest.

Then Friendship enticed me to stray
Through the long magic wilds of Romance ;
But I found that she meant to betray,
And shrunk from the sorcerer's glance.
For experience has taught me to know,
That the soul that reclined on her breast,
Might toss on the billows of woe,
And ne'er find the Mansion of Rest.

Pleasure's path I determined to try,
But Prudence I met in the way ;

Conviction flash'd light from her eye,
And appear'd to illumine my day :
She cried—as she shew'd me a grave,
With nettles and wild flowers dress'd,
O'er which the dark cypress did wave,
“ Behold there the Mansion of Rest.”

She spoke—and half vanish'd in air,
For she saw mild Religion appear
With a smile, that would banish despair,
And dry up the penitent tear.
Doubts and fears from my bosom were driven,
And, pressing the cross to her breast,
And pointing serenely to Heaven,
She show'd the true Mansion of Rest.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

BY DR. SMOLLETT.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !
Thy sons, for valor long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground ;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door ;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty !

The wretched owner sees, afar,
His all become the prey of war ;

Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks ;
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
'Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
'Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze ?
'Thy towering spirit now is broke,
'Thy neck is bended to the yoke :
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancor fell.

'The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day :
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night :
No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe ;
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh baneful cause, oh fatal morn,
Accursed to ages yet unborn !
'The sons against their fathers stood ;
'The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
'The victor's soul was not appeased ;
'The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel !

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath ;

The bleak wind whistles round her head ;
Her helpless orphans cry for bread !
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies !

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat ;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathising verse shall flow :
“ Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
“ Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !”

ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

BY DR. SMOLLETT.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.

Pure stream ! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave ;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread ;

While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood.
The springing trout, in speckled pride ;
The salmon, monarch of the tide ;
The ruthless pike, intent on war ;
The silver eel, and mottled par,
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen ;
And lasses chanting o'er the pail ;
And shepherds piping in the dale ;
And ancient faith that knows no guile ;
And industry imbrown'd with toil ;
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard !

RETIREMENT.

BY JAMES BEATTIE, L. L. D.

WHEN in the crimson cloud of even,
The lingering light decays,
And Hesper, on the front of heaven,
His glittering gem displays ;
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive youth, of placid mien,
Indulged this tender theme.

Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
High o'er the glimmering dale ;
Ye woods along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale ;
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan moon's yellow horn,
Gleams on the western deep :

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest power,
Leans on her ivied shrine.

How shall I woo thee, matchless fair !
Thy heavenly smile how win !
Thy smile that smooths the brow of Care,
And stills the storm within.
O wilt thou to thy favorite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene, on silent wing !

Oft let remembrance soothe his mind
With dreams of former days,
When, in the lap of Peace reclined,
He framed his infant lays ;
When Fancy roved at large, nor Care
Nor cold Distrust alarm'd,
Nor Envy, with malignant glare,
His simple youth had harm'd.

'Twas then, O Solitude, to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart sincere, and warm, and free,
Devoted to the shade.

Ah, why did Fate his steps decoy
In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy!—
O take the wanderer home.

Thy shades, thy silence now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream.
Whence the scared owl, on pinions gray,
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

O, while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And balmy, from the bank of flowers,
The zephyr breathes along;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car,
Flash on the startled eye.

But if some pilgrim, through the glade,
Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And listen to his lore;
For he of joys divine shall tell,
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains this heart below.

For me, no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb those toilsome heights
By guileful Hope misled;
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To Mirth's enlivening strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain.

THE SPLEEN.

An Epistle to Mr. Cuthbert Jackson.

BY MR. GREEN.

THIS motley piece to you I send,
Who always were a faithful friend;
Who, if disputes should happen hence,
Can best explain the author's sense;
And, anxious for the public weal,
Do, what I sing, so often feel.

The want of method pray excuse,
Allowing for a vapor'd Muse;
Nor, to a narrow path confined,
Hedge in by rules a roving mind.

The child is genuine; you may trace
Throughout the sire's transmitted face.
Nothing is stolen: my Muse, though mean,
Draws from the spring she finds within;

Nor vainly buys what Gildon* sells,
 Poetic buckets for dry wells.
 School-helps I want, to climb on high,
 Where all the ancient treasures lie,
 And there, unseen, commit a theft
 On wealth in Greek exchequers left.
 Then where? from whom? what can I steal,
 Who only with the moderns deal?
 This were attempting to put on
 Raiment from naked bodies won :†
 They safely sing before a thief,
 They cannot give who want relief;
 Some few excepted, names well known,
 And justly laurell'd with renown,
 Whose stamp of genius marks their ware,
 And theft detects : of theft beware ;
 From More so lash'd, example fit,
 Shun petty larceny in wit.

First know, my friend, I do not mean
 To write a treatise on the Spleen ;
 Nor to prescribe when nerves convulse ;
 Nor mend th' alarm-watch, your pulse.
 If I am right, your question lay,
 What course I take to drive away
 The day-mare Spleen, by whose false pleas
 Men prove mere suicides in ease ?
 And how I do myself demean
 In stormy world to live serene ?

* Gildon's Art of Poetry.

† A painted vest Prince Vortiger had on,
 Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.

Howard's British Princes.

When, by its magic-lantern, Spleen
With frightful figures spread life's scene,
And threatening prospects urged my fears,
A stranger to the luck of heirs ;
Reason, some quiet to restore,
Show'd part was substance, shadow more ;
With Spleen's dead weight though heavy grown,
In life's rough tide I sunk not down,
But swam, till Fortune threw a rope,
Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope.

I always choose the plainest food
To mend viscosity of blood.
Hail ! water-gruel, healing power,
Of easy access to the poor ;
Thy help love's confessors implore,
And doctors secretly adore ;
To thee I fly, by thee dilute—
Through veins my blood doth quicker shoot,
And by swift current throws off clean
Prolific particles of Spleen.

I never sick by drinking grow,
Nor keep myself a cup too low,
And seldom Chloe's lodgings haunt,
Thrifty of spirits, which I want.

Hunting I reckon very good
To brace the nerves, and stir the blood :
But after no field honors itch,
Achieved by leaping hedge and ditch.
While Spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,
Or o'er coal-fires inclines the head,
Hygeia's sons, with hound and horn,
And jovial cry, awake the morn.

These see her from the dusky plight,
Smear'd by th' embraces of the night,
With rosal wash redcem her face,
And prove herself of Titan's race,
And, mounting in loose robes the skies,
Shed light and fragrance as she flies.
Then horse and hound fierce joy display,
Exulting at the hark-away,
And in pursuit o'er tainted ground
From lungs robust field-notes resound.
Then, as St. George the dragon slew,
Spleen, pierced, trod down, and dying, view;
While all their spirits are on wing,
And woods, and hills, and valleys, ring.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some, hilly walks; all, exercise;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies;
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the Spleen;
And kitten, if the humor hit,
Has Harlequin'd away the fit.

Since mirth is good in this behalf,
At some particulars let us laugh.
Witlings, brisk fools cursed with half sense,
That stimulates their impotence;
Who buz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
Err with their wings for want of eyes.
Poor authors worshipping a calf,
Deep tragedies that make us laugh,
A strict dissenter saying grace,
A lecturer preaching for a place;

Folks, things prophetic to dispense,
 Making the past the future tense,
 The popish dubbing of a priest,
 Fine epitaphs on knaves deceased,
 Green-apron'd Pythonissa's rage,
 Great Æsculapius on his stage,
 A miser starving to be rich,
 The prior of Newgate's dying speech,
 A jointured widow's ritual state,
 Two Jews disputing *tete-a-tete*,
 New almanacs composed by seers,
 Experiments on felons' ears,
 Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply
 The superb muscle of the eye,
 A coquet's April-weather face,
 A Queensborough mayor behind his mace,
 And fops in military show,
 Are sovereign for the case in view.

If spleen-fogs rise at close of day,
 I clear my evening with a play,
 Or to some concert take my way.
 The company, the shine of lights,
 The scenes of humor, music's flights,
 Adjust and set the soul to rights.

}
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 }

Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,
 To others' grief attention raise :
 Here, while the tragic fictions glow,
 We borrow joy by pitying woe ;
 There gaily comic scenes delight,
 And hold true mirrors to our sight ;
 Virtue, in charming dress array'd,
 Calling the passions to her aid ;

When moral scenes just actions join,
'Takes shape, and shows her face divine.

Music has charms, we all may find,
Ingratiate deeply with the mind.
When art does sound's high power advance,
To music's pipe the passions dance ;
Motions unwill'd its powers have shown,
Tarantulated by a tune.
Many have held the soul to be
Nearly allied to harmony.
Her have I known indulging grief,
And shunning company's relief,
Unveil her face, and, looking round,
Own, by neglecting sorrow's wound,
The consanguinity of sound. }

In rainy days keep double guard,
Or Spleen will surely be too hard ;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprise a work of wit,
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
'That's fit for similie, deny,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.

But if dull fogs invade the head,
'That memory minds not what is read,
I sit in window, dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark :
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day,

And from the hipp'd discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather :
Then seek good humor'd tavern chums ;
And play at cards, but for small sums ;
Or with the merry fellows quaff,
And laugh aloud with them that laugh ;
Or drink a joco-serious cup,
With souls who've took their freedom up.
And let my mind, beguiled by talk,
In Epicurus' garden walk,
Who thought it heaven to be serene ;
Pain, hell, and purgatory, Spleen.

Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
And chat away the gloomy fit ;
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
And wear a gay impertinence,
Nor think nor speak with any pains,
But lay on fancy's neck the reins ;
Talk of unusual swell of waist
In maid of honor loosely laced,
And beauty borrowing Spanish red,
And loving pair with separate bed,
And jewels pawn'd for loss of game,
And then redeem'd by loss of fame ;
Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch
By grave pretence to go to church)
Perceived in hack with lover fine,
Like Will and Mary on the coin :
And thus in modish manner we,
In aid of sugar, sweeten tea.

Permit, ye fair, your idol form,
Which ev'n the coldest heart can warm,

May with its beauties grace my line,
While I bow down before its shrine,
And your throng'd altars with my lays
Perfume, and get by giving praise.
With speech so sweet, so sweet a mien,
You excommunicate the Spleen,
Which, fiend-like, flies the magic ring
You form with sound, when pleased to sing :
Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,
We look, we listen, and approve.
Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,
Our nerves officious throng to kiss ;
By Celia's pat, on their report,
The grave air'd soul, inclined to sport,
Renounces wisdom's sullen pomp,
And loves the floral game to romp.
But who can view the pointed rays
That from black eyes scintillant blaze ?
Love on his throne of glory seems
Encompass'd with satellite beams ;
But when blue eyes, more softly bright,
Diffuse benignly humid light,
We gaze, and see the smiling loves,
And Cytherea's gentle doves,
And, raptured, fix in such a face,
Love's mercy-seat and throne of grace.
Shine but on age, you melt its snow ;
Again fires long extinguish'd glow,
And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,
Blood long congealed liquefies !
True miracle, and fairly done
By heads which are adored while on ;
But oh, what pity 'tis to find
Such beauties, both of form and mind.

By modern breeding much debased,
In half the female world at least !
Hence I with care such lotteries shun,
Where, a prize miss'd, I'm quite undone ;
And ha'n't, by venturing on a wife,
Yet run the greatest risk in life.

Mothers and guardian-aunts, forbear
Your impious pains to form the fair,
Nor lay out so much cost and art
But to deflower the virgin heart ;
Of every folly-fostering bed,
By quickening heat of custom bred,
Rather, than by your culture spoil'd,
Desist and give us nature wild,
Delighted with a hoyden soul,
Which truth and innocence control.
Coquets, leave off affected arts,
Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts ;
Woodcocks to shun your snares have skill ;
You show so plain you strive to kill.
In love the artless catch the game,
And they scarce miss who never aim.

The world's great Author did create
The sex to fit the nuptial state,
And meant a blessing in a wife
To solace the fatigues of life ;
And old inspired times display
How wives could love, and yet obey ;
Then truth, and patient of control,
And housewife arts adorn'd the soul !
And charms, the gift of nature, shone ;
And jealousy, a thing unknown :

Veils were the only masks they wore ;
Novels, (receipts to make a whore)
Nor ombre, nor quadrille, they knew,
Nor Pam's puissance felt at loo.
Wise men did not, to be thought gay,
Then compliment their power away :
But lest, by frail desires misled,
The girls forbidden paths should tread,
Of ignorance raised the safe high wall ;
We sink haw-haws that show them all.
Thus we at once solicit sense,
And charge them not to break the fence.

Now, if untired, consider, friend,
What I avoid to gain my end.

Law-licensed breaking of the peace,
To which vacation is disease ;
A gipsey diction scarce known well
By th' magi who law-fortunes tell,
I shun ; nor let it breed within
Anxiety, and that the Spleen ;
Law, grown a forest, where perplex
The mazes and the brambles vex ;
Where its twelve verderers every day
Are changing still the public way :
Yet if we miss our path and err,
We grievous penalties incur ;
And wanderers tire, and tear their skin,
And then get out where they went in.

I never game, and rarely bet ;
Am loth to lend, or run in debt.
No comptre-writs me agitate ;
Who moralizing pass the gate,

And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding visits there,
And forces Folly through the grate
Her panegyric to repeat.
This view, profusely when inclined,
Enters a caveat in the mind :
Experience join'd with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.

Passion, as frequently is seen,
Subsiding settles into Spleen.
Hence, as the plague of happy life,
I run away from party strife.
A prince's cause, a church's claim,
I've known to raise a mighty flame,
And priest, as stoker, very free
To throw in peace and charity.
That tribe whose practicals decree
Small beer the deadliest heresy ;
Who, fond of pedigree, derive
From the most noted whore alive ;
Who own wine's old prophetic aid,
And love the mitre Bacchus made,
Forbid the faithful to depend
On half-pint drinkers for a friend,
And in whose gay red-letter'd face
We read good living more than grace :
Nor they, so pure, and so precise,
Immaculate as their white of eyes,
Who for the spirit hug the Spleen,
Phylacter'd throughout all their mien,

Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,
Which are not steep'd in vinegar,
And samples of heart-chested grace
Expose in show-glass of the face,
Did never me as yet provoke
Either to honor band and cloke,
Or deck my hat with leaves of oak. }

I rail not with mock-patriot grace
At folks, because they are in place;
Nor, hired to praise with stallion pen,
Serve the ear-lechery of men:
But to avoid religious jars,
The laws are my expositors,
Which in my doubting mind create
Conformity to church and state;
I go, pursuant to my plan,
To Mecca with the caravan;
And think it right in common sense,
Both for diversion and defence.

Reforming schemes are none of mine;
To mend the world's a vast design:
Like theirs who tug, in little boat,
To pull to them the ship afloat,
While, to defeat their labor'd end,
At once both wind and stream contend:
Success herein is seldom seen,
And zeal, when baffled, turns to Spleen.

Happy the man who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pull'd against the tide.

He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd ;
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.

Yet philosophic love of ease
I suffer not to prove disease,
But rise up in the virtuous cause
Of a free press and equal laws.
The press restrain'd ! nefarious thought !
In vain our sires have nobly fought :
While free from force the press remains,
Virtue and freedom cheer our plains,
And learning largesses bestows,
And keeps uncensured open house.
We to the nation's public mart
Our works of wit, and schemes of art,
And philosophic goods, this way,
Like water-carriage, cheap convey.
This tree, which knowledge so affords,
Inquisitors, with flaming swords,
From lay approach with zeal defend,
Lest their own paradise should end.
The press from her fecundous womb
Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome ;
Her offspring, skill'd in logic war,
Truth's banner waved in open air :
The monster Superstition fled,
And hid in shades its Gorgon head ;
And lawless power, the long kept field,
By reason quell'd, was forced to yield.
This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence,
To chain, is treason against sense ;

And, Liberty, thy thousand tongues
None silence, who design no wrongs ;
For those who use the gag's restraint,
First rob before they stop complaint.

Since disappointment galls within,
And subjugates the soul to Spleen,
Most schemes, as money snares, I hate,
And bite not at projector's bait.
Sufficient wrecks appear each day,
And yet fresh fools are cast away.
Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
'Their painted vessel runs aground ;
Or in deep seas it oversets
By a fierce hurricane of debts ;
Or helm directors, in one trip,
Freight first embezzled, sink the ship.
Such was of late the Corporation,*
'The brazen serpent of the nation,
Which, when hard accidents distress'd,
'The poor must look at to be bless'd,
And thence expect, with paper seal'd
By fraud and usury, to be heal'd.

I in no soul-consumption wait
Whole years at levees of the great,

* The Charitable Corporation, instituted for the relief of the industrious poor, by assisting them with small sums upon pledges, at legal interest. By the villany of those who had the management of this scheme, the proprietors were defrauded of very considerable sums of money. In 1732 the conduct of the directors of this body became the subject of a parliamentary enquiry ; and some of them, who were members of the House of Commons, were expelled for their concern in this iniquitous transaction.

And hungry hopes regale the while
On the spare diet of a smile.
There you may see the idol stand
With mirror in his wanton hand ;
Above, below, now here, now there,
He throws about the sunny glare.
Crowds pant, and press to seize the prize,
The gay delusion of their eyes.

When fancy tries her limning skill,
To draw and color at her will,
And raise and round the figure well,
And show her talent to excel,
I guard my heart, lest it should woo
Unreal beauties Fancy drew ;
And, disappointed, feel despair
At loss of things that never were.

When I lean politicians mark,
Grazing on ether in the park,
Who, e'er on wing with open throats,
Fly at debates, expresses, votes,
Just in the manner swallows use,
Catching their airy food of news ;
Whose latrant stomachs oft molest
The deep laid plans their dreams suggest ;
Or see some poet pensive sit,
Fondly mistaking Spleen for wit ;
Who, though short-winded, still will aim
To sound the epic trump of Fame ;
Who still on Phœbus' smiles will doat,
Nor learn conviction from his coat ;
I bless my stars, I never knew
Whimsies which, close pursued, undo :

And have, from old experience, been
Both parent and the child of Spleen.
These subjects of Apollo's state,
Who from false sire derive their fate,
With airy purchases undone
Of lands which none lend money on,
Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,
Nor lost one hour to gather bays.
Their fancies first delirious grew,
And scenes ideal took for true ;
Fine to the sight Parnassus lies,
And with false prospects cheats their eyes ;
The fabled gods the poets sing ;
A season of perpetual spring ;
Brooks, flowery fields, and groves of trees,
Affording sweets and similes ;
Gay dreams inspired in myrtle bowers,
And wreaths of undecaying flowers,
Apollo's harp with airs divine,
The sacred music of the Nine,
Views of the temple raised to Fame,
And for a vacant niche proud aim,
Ravish their souls, and plainly show
What Fancy's sketching power can do.
They will attempt the mountain steep,
Where, on the top, like dreams in sleep,
The Muses revelation show,
That find men crack'd, or make them so.

You friend, like me, the trade of rhyme
Avoid elaborate waste of time,
Nor are content to be undone,
To pass for Phœbus' crazy son.

Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,
Afford the most uncertain gain :
And lotteries never tempt the wise,
With blanks so many to a prize.
I only transient visits pay,
Meeting the Muses in my way,
Scarce known to the fastidious dames,
Nor skill'd to call them by their names.
Nor can their passports, in these days,
Your profit warrant, or your praise.
On poems by their dictates writ,
Critics, as sworn appraisers, sit,
And mere upholsterers in a trice
On gems and paintings set a price.
These tailoring artists for our lays
Invent cramp'd rules, and, with straight stays,
Striving free Nature's shape to hit,
Emaciate sense before they fit.

A common-place, and many friends,
Can serve the plagiary's ends,
Whose easy vamping talent lies,
First, wit to pilfer, then disguise.
Thus some, devoid of art and skill,
To search the mine on Pindus' hill,
Proud to aspire and workmen grow,
By genius doom'd to stay below,
For their own digging show the town
Wit's treasure brought by others down.
Some wanting, if they find a mine,
An artist's judgment to refine,
On fame precipitately fix'd,
The ore, with baser metals mix'd.

Melt down, impatient of delay,
And call the vicious mass a play.
All these engage, to serve their ends,
A band select of trusty friends,
Who, lesson'd right, extol the thing,
As Psapho* taught his birds to sing;
Then to the ladies they submit,
Returning officers on wit:
A crowded house their presence draws,
And on the beaux imposes laws.
A judgment in its favor ends,
When all the pannel are its friends:
Their natures, merciful and mild,
Have from mere pity saved the child;
In bulrush ark the bantling found,
Helpless, and ready to be drown'd,
'They have preserved by kind support,
And brought the baby-muse to court.
But there's a youth† that you can name,
Who needs no leading-strings to fame;
Whose quick maturity of brain
The birth of Pallas may explain:
Dreaming of whose depending fate,
I heard Melpomene debate:

* Psapho was a Libyan, who, desiring to be accounted a god, effected it by this means: He took young birds, and taught them to sing *Psapho is a great god*. When they were perfect in their lesson, he let them fly; and other birds learning the same ditty, repeated it in the woods; on which his countrymen offered sacrifice to him, and considered him as a deity.

† Mr. Glover, the excellent author of *Leonidas*, *Boadicea*, *Medea*, &c.

This, this is he, that was foretold
Should emulate our Greeks of old.
Inspired by me with sacred art,
He sings and rules the varied heart;
If Jove's dread anger he rehearse,
We hear the thunder in his verse;
If he describes love turn'd to rage,
The furies riot in his page:
If he fair liberty and law
By ruffian power expiring, draw,
The keener passions then engage
Aright, and sanctify their rage;
If he attempt disastrous love,
We hear those plaints that wound the grove,
Within the kinder passions glow,
And tears distill'd from pity flow.

From the bright vision I descend,
And my deserted theme attend.

Me never did ambition seize,
Strange fever most inflamed by ease!
The active lunacy of pride,
That courts jilt Fortune for a bride,
This paradise-tree, so fair and high,
I view with no aspiring eye:
Like aspen shake the restless leaves,
And Sodom-fruit our pain deceives.
Whence frequent falls give no surprise,
But fits of Spleen, call'd *growing wise*.
Greatness in glittering forms display'd
Affects weak eyes much used to shade,
And by its falsely envied scene
Gives self-debasing fits of Spleen.

We should be pleased that things are so,
Who do for nothing see the show,
And, middle-sized, can pass between
Life's hubbub safe, because unseen,
And 'midst the glare of greatness trace
A watery sunshine in the face,
And pleasures fled to, to redress
The sad fatigue of idleness.

Contentment, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, goddess, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face ?
Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart !
They whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire ;
By happy alchemy of mind
They turn to pleasure all they find ;
They both disdain in outward mien
The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,
And meretricious arts of dress,
To feign a joy and hide distress ;
Unmoved when the rude tempest blows,
Without an opiate they repose ;
And, covered by your shield, defy
The whizzing shafts that round them fly ;
Nor meddling with the gods' affairs,
Concern themselves with distant cares ;
But place their bliss in mental rest,
And feast upon the good possess'd.

Forced by soft violence of prayer,
The blithesome goddess soothes my care,

I feel the deity inspire,
And thus she models my desire :—
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made,
A farm some twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own ;
Two maids that never saw the town,
A serving man not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive while t'other holds the plow,
A chief, of temper form'd to please,
Fit to converse, and keep the keys ;
And, better to preserve the peace,
Commission'd by the name of niece :
With understandings of a size
To think their master very wise.
May Heaven ('tis all I wish for) send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cupboard, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land :
A pond before, full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim ;
Behind, a green like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye and to the feet ;
Where odorous plants, in evening fair,
Breathe all around ambrosial air ;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenced by a slope with bushes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a song ;
With opening views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy too regale,

Where the half-cirque which vision bounds
Like amphitheatre surrounds;
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees;
From hills, through plains, in dusk array
Extended far, repel the day.
Here stillness, height, and solemn shade,
Invite, and contemplation aid.
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of Fate;
And dreams beneath the spreading beech
Inspire, and docile fancy teach,
While, soft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulses rustle through the mind:
Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In measured motions frisk about,
Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
And silver streams through meadows stray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And lesser nymphs on side of hills
From plaything urns pour down the rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;
See faction, safe in low degree,
As men at land see storms at sea,
And laugh at miserable elves,
Not kind so much as to themselves;

Cursed with such souls of base alloy,
As can possess, but not enjoy ;
Debarr'd the pleasure to impart,
By avarice, sphincter of the heart,
Who wealth, hard-earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
And wearing virtue's livery smile,
Prone the distressed to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive,
With income not in Fortune's power,
And skill to make a busy hour,
With trips to town, life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news ;
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down ;
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing in age,
When fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe ;
Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again.

But now more serious see me grow,
And what I think, my Memmius, know.

Th' enthusiast's hope, and raptures wild,
Have never yet my reason foil'd.
His springy soul dilates like air,
When free from weight of ambient care,
And hush'd in meditation deep,
Slides into dreams, as when asleep ;
Then, fond of new discoveries grown,
Proves a Columbus of her own,

Disdains the narrow bounds of place,
And through the wilds of endless space,
Borne up on metaphysic wings,
Chases light forms and shadowy things,
And, in the vague excursion caught,
Brings home some rare exotic thought.
The melancholy man such dreams
As brightest evidence esteems ;
Fain would he see some distant scene
Suggested by his restless Spleen,
And Fancy's telescope applies
With tinctured glass to cheat his eyes.
Such thoughts as love the gloom of night,
I close examine by the light ;
For who, though bribed by gain to lie,
Dare sun-beam written truths deny,
And execute plain common sense
On faith's mere hearsay evidence ?

That superstition mayn't create
And club its ills with those of fate,
I many a notion take to task,
Made dreadful by its visor-mask.
Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
Is cured, and certainty I find.
Since optic reason shews me plain,
A dreaded spectres of the brain,
And legendary fears are gone,
Though in tenacious childhood sown ;
Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder in the proper sense,
And neither suit nor service do,
Nor homage to pretenders show.

Who boast themselves by spurious roll
Lords of the manor of the soul;
Preferring sense from chin that's bare,
To nonsense throned in whisker'd hair.

To thee, Creator uncreate,
O *Entium Ens* ! divinely great !
Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try,
Nor near the blazing glory fly,
Nor straining break thy feeble bow,
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw :
Through fields unknown not madly stray,
Where no ideas mark the way.
With tender eyes, and colors faint,
And trembling hands, forbear to paint.
Who features veil'd by light can hit ?
Where can, what has no outline, sit ?
My soul, the vain attempt forego,
Thyself, the fitter subject, know.
He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,
Nor runs, with wisdom's Syrens caught,
On quicksands swallowing shipwreck'd thought ;
But, conscious of his distance, gives
Mute praise, and humble negatives.
In one, no object of our sight,
Immutable and infinite,
Who can't be cruel or unjust,
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust ;
To him my past and present state
I owe, and must my future fate.
A stranger into life I'm come ;
Dying may be our going home,

Transported here by angry Fate,
The convicts of a prior state.
Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow
On matters I can never know ;
Through life's foul way, like vagrant pass'd,
He'll grant a settlement at last,
And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
By leave to lay his being down.
If doom'd to dance th' eternal round
Of life, no sooner lost but found,
And dissolution soon to come,
Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,
But can't our state of power bereave
An endless series to receive ;
Then, if hard dealt with here by fate,
We balance in another state,
And consciousness must go along,
And sign th' acquittance for the wrong.
He for his creatures must decree
More happiness than misery,
Or be supposed to create,
Curious to try what 'tis to hate :
And do an act which rage infers,
'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.

Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
On even keel with gentle gale ;
At helm I make my reason sit,
My crew of passions all submit.
If dark and blustering prove some nights,
Philosophy puts forth her lights ;
Experience holds the cautious glass,
To shun the breakers as I pass,

And frequent throws the wary lead,
To see what dangers may be hid ;
And once in seven years I'm seen
At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.
Though pleased to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way,
With store sufficient for relief,
And wisely still prepared to reef,
Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
Of cloudy weather in the soul,
I make, (may Heaven propitious send
Such wind and weather to the end)
Neither becalm'd, nor overblown,
Life's voyage to the world unknown.

LUCY AND COLIN.

BY THOMAS TICKELL, ESQ.

OF Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace ;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face ;
Till luckless love, and pining care,
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask cheek,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend ?

So droop'd the slow-consuming maid ;
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair :
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring ;
And at her window shrieking thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound :
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round :

“ I hear a voice you cannot hear,
“ Which says I must not stay :
“ I see a hand you cannot see,
“ Which beckons me away.

“ By a false heart, and broken vows,
“ In early youth I die :
“ Am I to blame, because his bride
“ Is thrice as rich as I ?

“ Ah ! Colin, give her not thy vows ;
“ Vows due to me alone ;
“ Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
“ Nor think him all thy own.

“ To-morrow in the church to wed,
“ Impatient both prepare ;
“ But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
“ That Lucy will be there.

“ Then bear my corse ; ye comrades, bear,
“ The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
“ He in his wedding trim so gay,
“ I in my winding sheet.”

She spoke, she died—her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
He in his wedding trim so gay,
She in her winding sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin’s thoughts ?
How were those nuptials kept ?
The bride-men flock’d round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell :
The damps of death bedew’d his brow,
He shook, he groan’d, he fell.

From the vain bride (a bride no more)
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch’d before her rival’s corse,
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy’s new-made grave
Convey’d by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever now remains !

Oft on their grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen ;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green.

But swain forsworn, whoe’er thou art,
This hallow’d spot forbear ;
Remember Colin’s dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

WINDSOR FOREST.

BY ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

THY forests, Windsor ! and thy green retreats,
At once the monarch's and the Muses' seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids !
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
GRANVILLE commands ;—your aid, O Muses bring !—
What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing !

The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song :
These, were my breast inspired with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again ;
Not, chaos-like, together crush'd and bruised,
But, as the world, harmoniously confused :
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a checker'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day ;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress :
'There, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
'Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades :
Here, in full light, the russet plains extend :
'There, wrapp'd in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That, crown'd with tufted trees and fringing corn,
Like verdant isles, the sable waste adorn.

Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn,
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Though gods assembled grace his towering height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd ;
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground ;
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And, nodding, tempt the joyful reaper's hand ;
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And Peace and Plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste ;
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and severe than they ;
Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods :
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves.)
What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd ?
In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
Soft showers distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain ;
The swain with tears his frustrate labor yields,
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
What wonder, then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign ?
Both, doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled ;
But, while the subject starved, the beast was fed.

Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began ;
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man :
Our haughty Norman boasts that barbarous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes :
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er ;
The hollow winds through naked temples roar ;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twined ;
O'er heaps of ruins stalk'd the stately hind ;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires ;
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
Awed by his nobles, by his commons cursed,
'Th' oppressor ruled tyrannic where he durst ;
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And served alike his vassals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon spared, and bloody Dane;
The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see the man who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself denied a grave !
Stretch'd on the lawn, his second hope survey,
At once the chaser, and at once the prey :
Lo ! Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest, like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the subject's cries,
Nor saw displeased the peaceful cottage rise.
Then gathering flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread ;
The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddess, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vigorous swains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds ;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey :
Secure, they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
Till, hovering o'er them, sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty bless'd,
Near and more near the closing lines invest ;
Sudden they seize th' amazed, defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts, exulting, on triumphant wings :
Short is his joy ; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avails his glossy varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes !
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold !

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare :
(Beasts, urged by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo.)

With slaughtering guns th' unwearied fowler roves,
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves,
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky :
Oft. as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death :
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
Where cooling vapors breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand :
With looks unmoved, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-eyed perch, with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold,
Swift trout, diversified with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.
Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car :
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
'Th' impatient courser pants in every vein,
And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain :
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
And, ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
See the bold youth strain up the threatening steep,
Rush through the thickets, down the valleys sweep,

Hang o'er their coursers heads with eager speed ;
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin train ;
Nor envy, Windsor, since thy shades have seen
As bright a goddess, and as chaste a queen :
Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign ;
The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd,
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade ;
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove ;
Here, arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd virgins traced the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was famed,
Thy offspring, Thames ! the fair Lodona named ;
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
'The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent, and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care ;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair :
A pointed quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanced, as, eager of the chase, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw, and loved ; and, burning with desire,
Pursued her flight ; her flight increased his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doe can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky ;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When through the clouds he drives the trembling doves,

As from the god she flew with furious pace,
Or as the god, more furious, urged the chase.
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears ;
Now, close behind, his sounding steps she hears ;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow, lengthen'd by the setting sun ;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injured maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain :
" Ah Cynthia ! ah—though banish'd from thy train,
" Let me, O let me to the shades repair,
" My native shades—there weep, and murmur there."
She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft silver stream dissolved away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps ;
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps ;
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she ranged before.
In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies ;
The watery landscape of the pendent woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods ;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green ;
Through the fair scene roll slow the lingering streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.

Thou, too, great father of the British floods !
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods ;

Where towering oaks their growing honors rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear,
Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear ;
Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's famed abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly gods ;
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below ;
Where Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His sovereign favors, and his country loves :
Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
Whom nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires :
Whom humble joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields :
With chemic arts exalts the mineral powers,
And draws the aromatic souls of flowers :
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high ;
O'er figured worlds now travels with his eye ;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er :
Or, wandering thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wise and good,
T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend ;
To follow nature, and regard his end ;

Or looks on heaven with more than mortal eyes,
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
 Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
 Survey the region, and confess her home !
 Such was the life great Scipio once admired,
 Thus Atticus and Trumbal thus retired.

Ye sacred Nine ! that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me,—and whose visions bless,
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 The bowery mazes and surrounding greens ;
 To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill.
 (On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow.)
 I seem through consecrated walks to rove,
 I hear soft music die along the grove :
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
 By godlike poets venerable made :
 Here his first lays majestic Denham sung ;
 There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.
 O early lost ! what tears the river shed,
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led !
 His drooping swans on every note expire,
 And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stopp'd their heavenly voice,
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice ;
 Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley strung
 His living harp, and lofty Denham sung ?
 But hark ! the groves rejoice, the forest rings !
 Are these revived ? or is it Granville sings ?
 'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats ;

To paint anew the flowery sylvan scenes,
To crown the forests with immortal greens,
Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies ;
To sing those honors you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star.
Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey—the Granville of a former age :
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance :
In the same shades the Cupids tuned his lyre,
To the same notes, of love and soft desire :
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.

Oh! wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
What kings first breathed upon her winding shore,
Or raise old warriors, whose adored remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains !
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through every age.
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressy's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal shield :
Then from her roofs when Verrio's colors fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr king the marble weeps,
And fast, beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps :
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,

'The grave unites; where ev'n the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppress'd !

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
(Obscure the place, and uninscribed the stone :)
Oh fact accursed ! what tears has Albion shed !
Heavens, what new wounds !—and how her old have
bled !

She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
Her sacred domes involved in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
At length great Anna said—" Let discord cease !"
She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace !

In that blest moment, from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanced his reverend head ;
His tresses dropp'd with dew, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffused a golden gleam :
Graved on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His swelling waters and alternate tides ;
The figured streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on her banks Augusta rose in gold ;
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
Who swell'd with tributary urns his flood !
First, the famed authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis and the fruitful Thame :
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd ;
The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd ;
Cole, whose dark streams his flowery islands lave ;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave :
The blue, transparent Vandalis appears ;
The gulfy Lee his sedgy tresses rears ;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood ;
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood..

High in the midst, upon his urn reclined,
His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)
The god appear'd : he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windsor domes and pompous turrets rise !
Then bow'd and spoke ; the winds forgot to roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace ! hail, long-expected days,
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise !
Though Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
From heaven itself though seven-fold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows ;
These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine ;
Let barbarous Ganges arm a servile train ;
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
No more my sons shall dye with British blood
Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood :
Safe on my shore, each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain ;
The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chase ;
The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
Behold ! th' ascending villas on my side
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.
Behold ! Augusta's glittering spires increase,
And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend !

There mighty nations shall enquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come ;
There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a British queen.

Thy trees, fair Windsor ! now shall leave their woods,
And half thy forests rush into thy floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day :
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole :
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales !
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow ;
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.
The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind ;
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide ;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our color, and our strange attire !
Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace ! from shore to shore,
Till conquest cease, and slavery be no more !
Till the freed Indians, in their native groves,
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves !
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold !

Exiled by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds shall barbarous Discord dwell :
 Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
 And mad Ambition, shall attend her there :
 There purple Vengeance bathed in gore retires,
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires :
 There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feed,
 And Persecution mourn her broken wheel :
 There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
 And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
 Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days :
 The thoughts of gods let Granville's verse recite,
 And bring the scenes of opening fate to light :
 My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
 Paints the green forests and the flowery plains,
 Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
 And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
 Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
 Pleased in the silent shade with empty praise ;
 Enough for me, that to the listening swains
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

A NIGHT PIECE.

BY MISS CARTER.

WHILE night in solemn shade invests the pole,
 And calm reflection soothes the pensive soul ;
 While reason, undisturb'd, asserts her sway,
 And life's deceitful colors fade away ;

To thee, All-conscious Presence ! I devote
This peaceful interval of sober thought :
Here all my better faculties confine ;
And be this hour of sacred silence thine !

If, by the day's illusive scenes misled,
My erring soul from virtue's path has stray'd ;
Snared by example, or by passion warm'd,
Some false delight my giddy sense has charm'd ;
My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
And my best hopes are center'd in thy love.
Deprived of this, can life one joy afford ?
Its utmost boast a vain, unmeaning word.

But ah ! how oft my lawless passions rove,
And break those awful precepts I approve !
Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
And violate the virtue I adore !
Oft, when thy better Spirit's guardian care
Warn'd my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,
My stubborn will his gentle aid repress'd,
And check'd the rising goodness in my breast :
Mad with vain hopes, or urged by false desires,
Still'd his soft voice, and quench'd his sacred fires.

With grief oppress'd, and prostrate in the dust,
Shouldst thou condemn, I own thy sentence just.
But, oh ! thy softer titles let me claim,
And plead my cause by Mercy's gentle name.
Mercy ! that wipes the penitential tear,
And dissipates the horrors of despair ;
From righteous justice steals the vengeful hour,
Softens the dreadful attribute of power,
Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
And seals my pardon in a Savior's blood !

All-powerful Grace, exert thy gentle sway,
And teach my rebel passions to obey;
Lest lurking Folly, with insidious art,
Regain my volatile, inconstant heart!
Shall every high resolve Devotion frames
Be only lifeless sounds and specious names?
O, rather, while thy hopes and fears control,
In this still hour, each motion of my soul,
Secure its safety by a sudden doom,
And be the soft retreat of sleep my tomb!
Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
Till the last morn its orient beam disclose:
Then, when the great arch-angel's potent sound
Shall echo through creation's ample round,
Waked from the sleep of death, with joy survey
The opening splendors of eternal day!

INSCRIPTION

In a Hermitage, at Ansley-Hall, in Warwickshire.

BY T. WARTON.

BENEATH this stony roof reclined,
I soothe to peace my pensive mind:
And, while to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup unstain'd with wine:
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

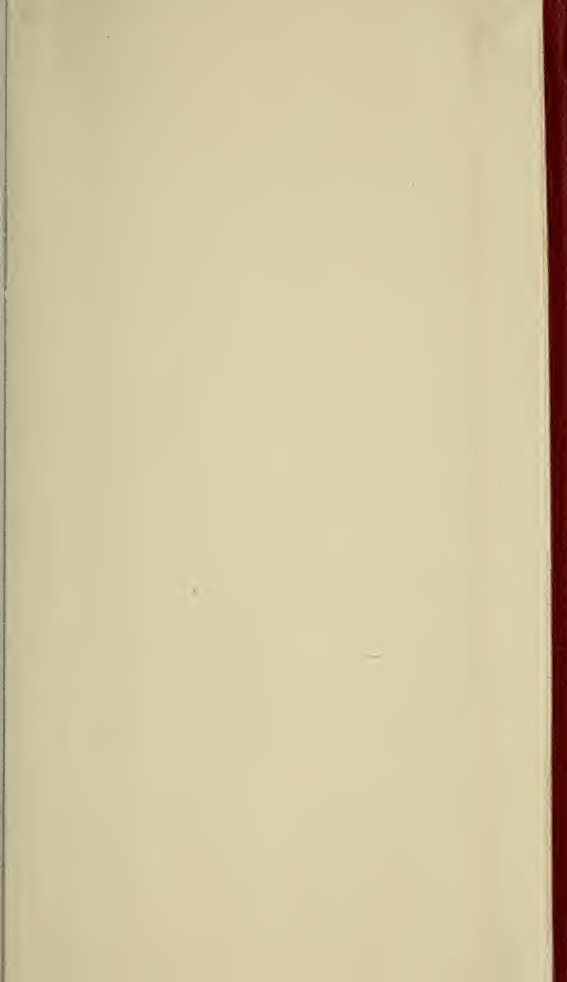
Within my limits lone and still,
The blackbird pipes in artless trill ;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest ;
From busy scenes and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence she flies ;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound ;
And every opening primrose count
That trimly paints my blooming mount :
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Portray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed :
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measured hymn ;
And, at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropp'd with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state ?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm oblivion's humble grot ?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff and amice gray ?
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage ?









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